HISTORY

OF THE

FOURTH REGIMENT OF S.C. VOLUNTEERS

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR UNTIL

LEE'S SURRENDER

BY

J.W.REID

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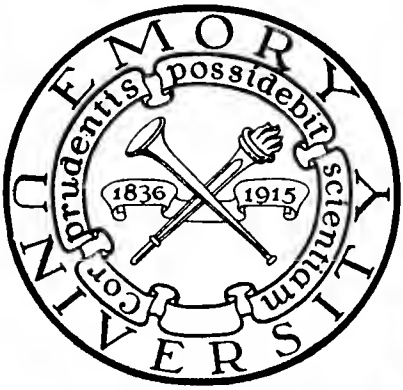

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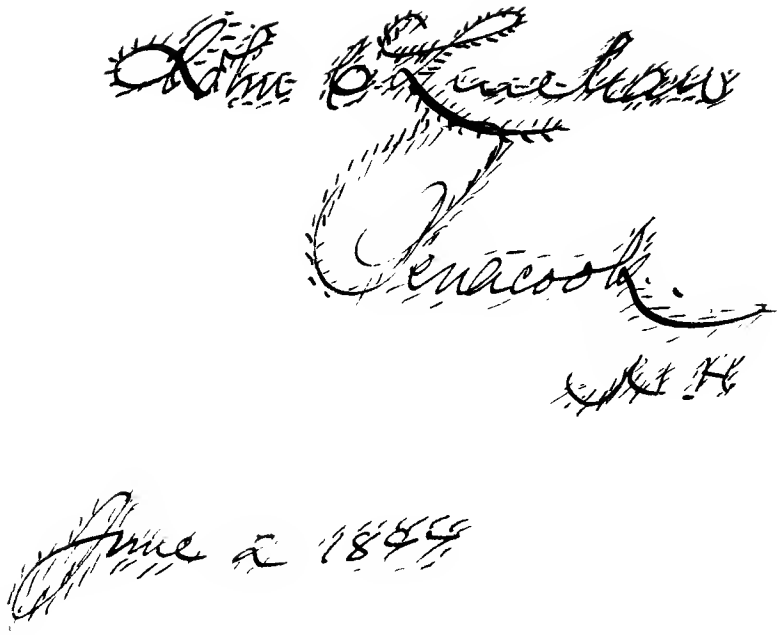

Yours truly.

J. W Reid.

HISTORY

OF THE

Fourth Regiment of S. C. Volunteers,

FROM THE

COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR UNTIL LEE'S SURRENDER.

GIVING A FULL ACCOUNT OF ALL ITS MOVEMENTS, FIGHTS AND HARDSHIPS OF ALL KINDS.

ALSO A VERY CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE TRAVELS AND FIGHTS OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DURING THE SAME PERIOD.

This Book is a Copy of the Letters Written in Virginia at the Time by the Author and Sent Home to His Family.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S SERVICES IN THE FIRST REGIMENT OF ENGINEER TROOPS IN THE LATTER PART OF THE WAR.

With a Short Sketch of the Life of the Author.

BY J. W. REID,

Private in Company C, Fourth Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, and Afterwards a Sergeant in Company K, First Regiment of Engineer Troops.

1892:
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INTRODUCTION.

DEAR READER: The Fourth Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers was made up principally from Greenville, Anderson and Pickens (which then enbraced what is now Oconee) Counties.

The field officers were J. B. E. Sloan, Colonel; Charles S. Mattison, Lieutenant-Colonel, James Whitner, Major. Samuel Wilkes was Adjutant, A. C. Cooley, Surgeon, ——Burnham, Assistant Surgeon, Henry Cauble, Commissary.

The Captians of Companies were Kilpatrick, Humphreys, Dean, Anderson, Pool, Hawthorne, Long, Hollingsworth, Griffin and Shanklin, with a full quota of Lieutenants and non-commissioned officers.

This Regiment was called out April 14th, 1861, and went to Columbia, S. C., from which place I wrote my first letter home, and from that time on I endeavored to give an account of our travels until the Regiment ceased to be even a battalion, in July, 1862. As the reader will see, I wrote a great many letters to my family during this period, which were all taken care of and which I have here copied from the originals, leaving nothing out, except a few things of a private nature. I have also used precisely the same language that I did in the letters, because I could use no better

In writing the letters at that time I stated nothing but facts in regard to our movements, or what I thought to be facts, and I can also say that I still think them facts.

A goodly number of my old companions in arms and others, knowing that these letters had been preserved, have urged me for several years back to have them

published. I have at length concluded to do so, hoping they may to some extent interest the reader and benefit the writer. Please pass over all errors, as I have never studied grammar a day in my life, and am by no means a learned man. I hope that grammar is not what you want, but a plain statement of facts. These pages are written so the most illiterate person can understand, and if so, most assuredly a scholar can. Without further remarks, I will say, "Such as I have, give I unto thee."

Very respectfully yours,

Greenville Co., S. C. J. W. REID.

HISTORY OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT

—OF—

SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 8, 1861.

There has nothing important transpired since I wrote you a few days ago. Since the taking of Fort Sumter I have heard of no more fighting, but as the ball has opened there is no telling at present how or when it may end, but it cannot reasonably be doubted by any one that is familiar with the present situation of affairs, that there will be fighting to do, and a great deal of it.

I have no doubt in my mind but that we will be sent on to Virginia soon. Everything seems to point that way Virginia is where the Federal army is concentrating its forces, and there is where I think we will meet them; and if we do go I will try to keep you posted on our movements, our ups and downs, our outs and ins —at least, so long as I am able to do so—until hostilities cease, should I be spared through it all. Let our united prayers be that I may be spared.

Since coming to Columbia I have met up with a great many of our friends and acquaintances from Greenville and some of our relations; also, some from Pendleton and other places. Your brother Robinson Tripp's two eldest sons, William and Elias, are here, and your cousin, Ware Childers. David Keesler of Pendleton is also here. I shall not at present give you the names of acquaintances that I have formed here. I may have occason in future letters to refer to some of them, and sad to contemplate, it is probable that I may have to chronicle the death of some of them.

Our boys here are very jubilant over the taking of Fort Sumter, and so am I. But the the taking of Fort Sumter is not exactly taking or whipping into submis-

sion the Yankee nation, or Yankee army That thing remains to be done hereafter, if at all. It will not be done in a day. Big men seem willing to drink all the blood that will be spilled in this war. I do not feel quite drouthy enough to do so myself, and I think they will have to be as big as they feel before they do so. They may possibly be able to drink all they themselves have shed, but I fear they will not be able to take the whole bottle. Time will show.

We are still drilling every day, but so far as I am concerned I could drill them as well as they can drill me, as you know I have been a commissioned officer ever since I was eighteen years old, and already understand military tactics and army regulations very well. Nevertheless I drill with the balance of them. When we are not drilling the time is pretty much taken up by drinking popskull, frying pan cakes and bruising around generally. You may ask: Why fry pan cakes? Ans: Because the dough sticks to our hands and we don't know how to get it off. Please send me a receipt. We make the latter with a spoon.

Most of the boys here think that we are just going to have a frolic. I think so too, but I fear that we will have to dance something besides hornpipes and jigs. It reminds me of

> "A Highland laddie heard of war,
> Which set his heart in motion;
> He heard the distant cannon roar
> And saw the smiling Ocean."

Our immediate neighbors are mostly all well. Mr. J J. Land is sick, but not dangerously so. I will write soon, Providence permitting.

Yours as ever, J. W Reid.

Note.—I had written two or three letters to my wife before this one, but as I had given her no instructions to keep them, they were therefore not taken care of as those I wrote afterwards. However, they contained nothing that would interest the reader of to-day. Neither will those that will follow the preceeding letter for some time, but in order to pre-

serve a connected account of the movements of the glorious Fourth, they are inserted. It ceased to be even a battalion in the latter part of 1862. When I arrive at that point I will inform you as near as I can of what became of the few that were left of the "Bloody Old Fourth," as it was familiarly known. Now, dear reader, follow me and get it all.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 14, 1861.

Everything and everybody is in commotion here to-day We have orders to make ready to start to Virginia to-morrow. I suppose there is no doubt but that we will go, and if so, the Lord alone knows when we will get back. Most assuredly, with some of us at least, that time will never come. But don't let the thought of that disturb you at all. Try to think that I will be among those who will get back, and I will try and think the same; in fact I do think I will. There seems to be something within me that assures me that I will get back, and still I am by no means certain of it; neither can I be, but still I feel as as though I would. Since coming to Columbia I have visited all the places of note in the city; and although I had been here often before, I had never been to the lunatic asylum before. I expect I should have been there long ago. It may be that they can bring insane persons to sanity there. I can't say, but I can say that it would work the other way with me, for I was not there but a short time and in less than three hours afterwards I hardly knew whether I was a rebel soldier or an Irish Yankee. There is, however, a glimmering possibility that going to the ayslum was not the prime cause of my insanity, as several of the boys swear that they have seen me so before from causes too delicate to mention. At any rate I did not again visit the ayslum, but I did visit Hunt again.

There were several here from about home and from Greenville to see us off in the morning. If we do go you will hear of it in a day or two. I send you my carpet bag and contents by Mr. E. J. Earle. He can tell you more than I now have time to write. I send you my likeness by Mr. Earle also.

I must now close and prepare for my journey I will write again at the first opportunity

Yours as ever,

J W REID.

NOTE.—We went the next day as anticipated.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, VA., June 18th, 1861.

When I last wrote to you we were preparing to leave Columbia, S. C. Accordingly on the next day, the 15th, we left our native State, and on the night of the 17th reached Richmond. I shall say but little about our trip here. It was, to say the least, quite an unpleasant trip, as we came the most of the way in open dirt coaches. We came by the way of Wilmington, N. C. At every depot and town we passed the ladies and gentlemen had gathered to give us a welcome. Flags and handkerchiefs were waved in profusion; every one seemed to be in high spirits. We were treated to all we could eat and drink (and that was considerable) at every place we stopped at. Some time before we reached Petersburg the Captain of the company to which I belonged—Thomas Dean by name—telegraphed on to Petersburg to have dinner ready for his entire company when we arrived there. We were to pay Captain Dean afterwards. Accordingly when we arrived the dinner was ready, and so were we; but before eating the most of us took as an appetizer a doze of rot-of-pop-skull. I don't know that I ever saw men come so near eating the worth of their money before in my life. A corn-husking or log-rolling would look like a fast day by the side of it. I do think that Bill —— ate at least two chickens, and other things in proportion, and then filled every pocket that he had, except the one his flask was in, with pies, cakes and other desserts, and then took a baked chicken off in his hat. After we had been on the train a while, at an unguarded moment, for some unkown cause, he took off his hat, and out fell cold speck on the floor. As you were never at a shooting match where they were shooting for mutton, and the mutton an eye witness to the proceedings,

of course you don't know how he looked, but I do. Richmond is a good, big place, and is situated at the head of tide water on the James River. I don't suppose that we will remain here long, but will go further North, where we will meet our brethren of the North, and it is more than likely that we will fall out and fight before we are together very long.

I will close this letter. I will doubtless write again soon. Yours as ever,

J. W REID.

NOTE.—This trip from Columbia to Richmond, at that time, beat anything that I ever saw for non-discipline and insubordination in soldiers. It seems that every man in the regiment mistook himself for Commander-in-Chief of the regiment. Whiskey was plentiful and cheap; every man had as much as he wanted, and a great many had a great deal more than they needed. I suppose that there was some few that did not drink any; but if so, your humble servant, the writer of this note, had not the pleasure of their acquaintance. I was truly glad when we got to Richmond, where we had a partial rest. We still had whiskey in abundance, but it was not long before it was less plentiful and harder to get at, and I was truly glad of it, and then times went on more smoothly, and it was for the better of us all.

LEESBURG, LOUDON CO., VA., Jan. 24th, 1861.

When I last wrote you I was at the City of Richmond. In that letter I stated to you that I did not think we would remain there long, and such really turned out to be the case. We left Richmond on the 20th, and arrived at Manassas Junction the 21st, but only remained there a few hours, and then went on some eight or ten miles to a little place called Gainesville, and remained there all night. On the 22d we for the first time took up the line of march on foot, and on the 23d arrived at this place. On our route we passed the old homestead of President Monroe, a very beautiful place. We are camped here, near the town of Leesburg, which is on the Potomac River. We are at an advanced post, being in advance of our main army We are said to be only twenty-seven miles above the City of (Abraham) Washington. This is a rich and

beautiful country and a great place for cattle and the land literally flows with milk and honey. So we are by no means suffering for rations, as provisions of all kinds are plentiful here and easily obtained. We are now in plain view of the mountains, and nearly in view of the men we came to see, as they are just on the other side of the river, and our business here now is to try to keep them from crossing over; but if they do succeed in crossing the Potomac River, some of them at least will have to cross Jordan, and some few of them may have to cross over another noted stream, called the River of Styx, and that is the last watering place this side of Hades.

Whilst in camp near Richmond I found a beautiful little money purse. I took it away off in the woods to examine my fortune. With trembling hand and palpitating heart I opened it; it contained a negro woman's pass and two copper cents. Is it possible that I can ever lack for money again. I got me a new pair of shoes while at Richmond, and if I have to travel much more in them I will have corns to dispose of. The Virginians here say that the Yankees are as afraid as death of South Carolinians. I don't know about that, but I do know that South Carolinians are not afraid of them.

Called to drill.

Yours as ever,

J. W Reid.

Leesburg, Loudon Co., Va., June 30th, 1861.

Nothing new of import has occurred here since I wrote to you on the 24th inst. The Yankee Doodles have not as yet crossed the river as I have heard of, but as I have before said, if they do cross we will try our best to make them recross. They are nearly in sight of us, but they are in Maryland and we in Virginia, the river being the line. They may and no doubt will cross, but if not I feel pretty certain that we will not cross over to them. I am no general, corporal or scoundrel, but my private opinion is that it would be very bad logic in us to cross over to them, as I don't think we should be the invaders. It is an accepted

fact here now that we will have some hard fighting to do before a great while. If so I say let it come; that is what we came here for, and the sooner we go at it perhaps the sooner it will end, and I mean to do what fighting I have to do as soon as possible and get back home to Dixie.

Since commencing this letter I have been put on guard. I was put on at eight o'clock this morning and will be relieved at eight to-morrow morning. I am now writfng on my knee at the guard house, when off of post, which is two-thirds of the time; so excuse bad writing, for my chances at writing are very bad. Make yourself no uneasiness about me if you can help it. I will try and do the best I can for No. 1. I have not missed a roll call since I came into the service. I send my best wishes to Colonel Parke, E. J. Earle, A. M. Holland, and all inquiring friends. I hope the neighbors will treat you well. I have come here and left everything that is dear to me on earth to fight and suffer all manner of hardships to protect their property, not my own, whilst many of them who have property are still at home with their families—in fact they are the ones as a general rule that stay at home; and I think honor dictates and justice demands that they should see to the families of the poor horny-handed soldiers who are doing their fighting, hundreds of miles from home and friends. Will we poor soldiers ever be recompensed for what we are doing? I fear not. I now go on post.

Yours as ever,

J W Reid.

Note.—In the above letter, written nearly thirty years ago, you will see that I doubted the poor soldiers ever getting anything for what they were then undergoing for the wealthy men of the South. I know very well that there has been several theories advanced as being the cause of the war, and it cannot be successfully denied but that it was the negro, and nothing but the negro,—a fact which any chuckle-headed school boy is familiar with. But as to the poor soldier ever getting anything, I am about of the same opinion now that I was thirty years ago. It don't seem to matter how old or how poor and infirm a soldier may be, he can't get anything unless he was nearly killed in time of the war. It reminds me of an anecdote that I will here relate: A man that in former times did a great deal of hauling to Augusta, Ga., was in the habit of having something crank to say to persons that

he would pass. On one occasion his son John was driving the wagon and he was walking behind. He passed an old man sitting in a door shoemaking, but said nothing to him, but a little further on he came to a stout-looking young man chopping wood. "Is that your father back yonder that was shoemaking," he added. "Yes," replied the young man. "You had better go to your father, for he dropped dead just as we passed the house." The young man dropped his axe and ran to the house, but soon returned, cursing and abusing the man in a dreadful manner. The man called out, "John, come back here quick; this man is cursing me all to pieces because his daddy is not dead." So they don't give the poor, infirm soldier anything because he was not killed in the war. The poor, infirm soldier should get something after he becomes of a certain age.

[This letter is rather a continuation of the preceding one, written June 30th, 1861.]

Next Thursday will be the Fourth of July, and on that day the United States Congress will meet, and then it will soon be known what we may depend upon. The universal opinion here is that we will be pushed forward. As to my own part I feel confident that such will be the case. There was a false alarm here last night. It was reported that the enemy had crossed the river in large numbers. We were ordered to pack up everything and cook up two days' rations, in case we should have to fall back to our main army, in the vicinity of Manassas Junction, which we undoubtedly would have had to do if the report had proved true, for our regiment, if they are South Carolinians, could not long continue against the whole Federal army We remained up all night with our equipments on and our muskets at our sides; but the report proved false, if indeed there was such a report at all. I think it was done to try our pluck. I am confident there is none of the enemy on this side of the river in this vicinity There were some ladies here the other day from Maryland, and they say that if we never die till the Yankees kill us that we will live till we turn to mules and jackasses. I hope not, for some of us are too much like the latter animal already The ladies of Leesburg and vicinity come here

every day by hundreds and bring us all kinds of good things to eat,—milk and honey, butter and eggs, and almost any and everything you could mention. These ladies are quite nice looking, and some of them are said to be quite wealthy If you could be here on those occasions you would think that there was not a married man in the regiment but me. A great many of them are married men, but they are not obliged to say so.

We all went out yesterday to try our guns. We shot at a barrel, two or three hundred yards off, placed on a fence. Jim Loftin and myself, and one or two more, was all that hit the barrel, of my company If our men shoot at the enemy like they did at that barrel, they will not kill very many of the enemy unless they climb like squirrels or get in the ground like moles; for those that did not hit the tree top hit the ground about half way to the target. I will finish when preaching is over.

Evening, 2 O'clock.—Just as I stopped writing this morning it set in to raining, and is raining yet; so we have no preaching. I went over to Leesburg the other day, and amongst other things I got was a fine comb, but of course I did not need it, for I don't believe that there is one——in my head. You may perhaps say there may be some on it. You say that you don't feel like you would ever see me again. My dear, banish all such thoughts. Far from you I feel quite the reverse. Try and feel the same way All dangers are not deaths. Keep all the letters that I send you, as I may want to refer to them at some future time.

Direct to "Tudor Hall, Leesburg, Loudon County, Va."

Yours as ever,

J W Reid.

Leesburg, Va., July 2d, 1861.

I did not intend writing again quite so soon, but having an opportunity of sending a letter by hand, I will therefore scribble a few lines more, as I am well aware that I write none too often. So far as you are concerned there

has nothing important occurred since I wrote to you last, June 30th. We have all sorts of rumors here, but none of them have any foundation whatever, and therefore I will not report them here. I have been reading and writing letters for the boys nearly all day I undoubtedly write more letters than any other man in the regiment.

It is quite cool here to-day I am wearing my coat all day This is quite a healthy place here. Our regiment is enjoying very good health here at present. I doubt very much if one could take the same number of persons anywhere in the country and find less sickness amongst them than is to be found in our regiment. We are all anxiously awaiting the Fourth of July; it is only two days off. After it is over it will not be long till we know what to depend upon. A great many men here seem to flatter themselves that there will be but little fighting done. I can't say how it may be, but I very much doubt that doctrine. We will all soon know more about it. Now, in giving you my ideas about things, don't take it for granted that I am right. I may not be. I only give you my private opinion about those things; but what I do state to you for a fact you may at all times be assured that such is a fact. At all events I shall state nothing as a fact unless I have the best of reasons for believing it When I write you that such and such is a rumor, you may put it down as a rumor; neither need you put much confidence in rumor, for old Dame Rumor is a notorious liar. She will actually tell a lie when the truth would answer the best purpose

I will write again soon.

Yours affectionately,

J W Reid.

Leesburg, Loudon Co., Va., July 5, 1861.

Nothing of importance has occurred since I wrote to you last

Night before last some of our men got with a negro who lives near here, and told him they were Yankees, and made arrangements with him to poison the whole regi-

ment. He agreed to put poison in pies, cakes and the like, and distribute them amongst us all he could, and I understand that he was preparing to do so when he was arrested. He was tried this morning and found guilty of intended murder He has just now finished taking the most powerful whipping that I ever saw any human being take. He has just now gone home. Was our men justifiable in what they done? Every one can answer this question in their own way On yesterday, the Fourth, the ladies and gentlemen of Leesburg and surrounding country came here in great numbers. The ladies presented us with a beautiful flag. A Virginia officer made the presentation speech, in the name of the ladies. The acceptation speech was made by Warren D. Wilkes, of Anderson, in the name of the regiment. We all agreed that it should never trail in the dirt. The Fourth is over We will soon know what to depend upon. May the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, the God of all mankind, be with you and with us all.

Yours as ever,
J. W Reid.

Note.—In those letters from Leesburg I wrote a great many things that I am now leaving out, as they would be of little interest to the reader of the day. I will therefore hurry on to times and things more exciting. Although any one still living who was in the old Fourth Regiment at that time, will look back to these times that I am now writing about with more pleasure than at any period of the war; for at Leesburg we not only lived like kings but had the company and the sympathy of as fine a set of ladies as lived on God's green earth. If these writings should ever find their way into the hands of any of the old citizens about Leesburg, I presume they will recollect the Fourth of July, 1861. Our flag never did trail in the dust.

Leesburg, Va., Sunday Evening, 1 o'clock, July 7th, 1861.

As I don't expect to close this letter for several days, I shall not say anything about the war to-day. We are camped here within one mile of the town of Leesburg, and in plain view of the Maryland mountains, distant about

ten miles. We are camped in a beautiful grove of oak, hickory and other forest trees. The grove contains some five or six acres. All around except on one side are old fields, grown up with grass and clover, on which are grazing a great many fine cattle. It is stated here that this beautiful grove was once a Methodist camp ground, and a more beautiful place could not have been selected. It is also said to have once been the camping ground of General Braddock during the English and French war. I have just returned from preaching. An old Virginia preacher preached for us. The opening hymn was, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," &c His text was 12th chapter Romans, 11th verse: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, fearing the Lord." He preached an excellent sermon. It made me think of home. I am truly glad that we can still hear the Gospel preached here, if we are in the army God is everywhere. He is looking over us here, just the same as he would under our own vine and fig tree. As much as I regret it, I will have to inform you that it was a funeral occasion. Death has already entered our ranks. There has been three of our regiment to die this past week. A Mr Pilgram, of Captain Long's company; a Mr Martin, of the same company, and a Mr Anderson, of Captain Griffin's company They all three died this past week. Our Adjutant, Samuel Wilkes, is sick, but I don't think he is dangerously sick. I will now stop writing for the present.

Evening, 5 O'clock.—I have just returned from preaching again. Our Chaplain, Mr Guin, preached this evening a very good sermon. Mr. Guin is an old acquaintance of mine He lives at Greenville; his wife is Laura Guin. I found a beautiful pearl-handled knife the other day that I intend giving to you some day if I don t find the owner of it. I must now stop and write for others.

Monday Evening, 5 O'clock, July 8th.—Nothing definite from Washington yet. Report says that Lincoln in his address to Congress advises the raising of a large army I expect this is true I could not tell you the

tenth part of the rumors that are now going the rounds, some of which, if we believed them, would make us think that we would soon be at home again. Other reports, if believed, would make us doubt if we ever got home or not. Now, this is the same old dame that I told you was such a liar. I will stop again for more rumors.

TUESDAY EVENING, 5 O'CLOCK, JULY 9TH.—Nothing important. I expect to write a letter to Colonel Parks in a day or two. You will doubtless hear from me when he gets it.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 5 O'CLOCK, JULY 10TH.—Everything in an uproar. We are preparing to leave here. We are going down the river; trouble is before us. No doubt all dangers are not deaths. I must now close this long, uninteresting letter, and prepare to go—I know not where. Yours as ever,

J W REID.

FRYING PAN CHURCH, FAIRFAX CO., VA.,
July 12th, 1861.

I closed my last letter in a hurry, to prepare to move. We left Leesburg the same day and came on to this place, some twenty-five miles. We were nearly ten days coming. I don't know how long we will remain here, but I hope it will not be long, for I do not like the place at all. Tell Colonel Parks to read the letter to you that I sent him; tell him that the Louisiana Battaiion that I wrote to him about has left us and gone, it is said, to Faifax Court House. It is also said that we will go there shortly; I don't profess to know whether it is true or not. It is also said that the Butler Guards, of Greenville, are there. If so I would like to see them, as I am acquainted with nearly every man in the company One of the men of Wheat's Battalion had his leg cut off before they left us. He is now dying. Report (who is nearly as big a liar as rumor) says that some of the enemy is now occupying our

old position at Leesburg. I don't believe it; but if they are there I want to go and drive them back to Maryland, or somewhere else. I shall say but little more at present, as it has been but a day or two since I wrote to you.

Direct your next letter to Manassas Junction, Va.

Yours affectionately,

J W REID.

NOTE.—Wheat's Battalion did not go to Fairfax Court House, but halted about one mile from us. Neither did we go back to Leesburg. The man I spoke of as having his leg cut off died that evening.

FRYING PAN, VA., July 13th, 1861.

I now commence another letter to you, and may not finish it for several days.

We were alarmed last night about dark by a report that we were surrounded by about twenty thousand of the enemy, and that our only chance of escape was to cut our way through them, and make our way as best we could to Manassas Junction, where General Beauregard is with our main army Our officers told us that if we failed in this we would all be cut to pieces or captured. We were ordered by General Evans to prepare for action. Provided an attack should be made in ten minutes all was ready Each man drew forty-five rounds of cartridges, and had everything in wagons ready for an emergency We thought that twenty thousand, and five thousand of them cavalry, rather too much for eight or nine hundred of us, although it was our determination to fight our way through them. A large picket was sent out to examine the situation. They returned this morning, and report no enemy in this immediate vicinity; perhaps none nearer than Alexandria. However, there is no doubt in my mind but that we will have hard fighting to do before long. Everything points in that direction.

Two more men of Wheat's Battalion got killed accidentally yesterday Wheat's Battalion and our regiment and one hundred and eighty mounted men are all the troops we have in this vicinity I will now stop a while

JULY 14TH.—All is excitement and confusion here at present. Yesterday, just after I stopped writing, we got the news that two of our regiments had started to join us, and that the enemy had got in between them and us, and that they were retreating back towards Manassas Junction; so we were ordered to pack up and move immediately In a few minutes we were en route for this place, distant some two or three miles. We call this place Camp Holcomb. I hope that we have not jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. I like this place better, provided an attack is made, than I did frying pan, as there is an old railroad cut here, some twenty feet deep, which will be greatly in our favor, if they come on us here. Ten o'clock, and our pickets still fail to find a foe near us. Some of old Rumor's tales I reckon. We heard some cannonading last night in the direction of Alexandria, where Mr. Rumor says there are twenty thousand of the enemy and fifteen thousand Confederate troops. I have heard several reports from there to-day, all without foundation. If the fight comes on I will do the best I can. I am determined not to run unless the boys all run with me. I will die in the battle field first. I will stop a while again.

MONDAY EVENING, 4 O'CLOCK, JULY 15TH.—There was a man here to-day from Alexandria. He says we are as safe here as we would be in the middle of South Carolina. I would much rather risk it there than here, so far as I am personally concerned. There are some men here who try to make themselves and everything else look as big as possible, and every rumor that they hear they write it home as facts, and that is calculated to keep the people at home always excited and uneasy Don't listen to every thing you hear, but what I write to you shall be facts, as near as possible. Another thing I warn you against, and that is, what you see in the papers. A great many take what they read in the papers as gospel truths. The papers are like the men; they publish every rumor as an established fact. Don't believe any thing you hear, and only about half what you see. I will now stop again and wait for more lies.

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 16.—No positive news yet. I understand, from a pretty reliable source, that there is a great many of the enemy whose time will soon expire, having only volunteered for six months. I believe this report to be true, and if so an attack is almost sure to be made before their time is out, as it will take some considerable time to get others in their place and have them ready for service. I believe this to be precisely the state of affairs now; and if so, we will most assuredly have them to fight soon. I am not uneasy, for I want it to come, because I want it over with; so I presume that we will have to whip those that are here now, and then whip their new army next Spring, or let them whip us, as the case may be. I will now drop that subject and talk of something else. We are still getting plenty to eat, and that which is good enough for anybody It is good enough for me. Again I stop for news.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 17TH.—All quiet along the Potomac. No exciting rumors to-day My eyes are quite sore; otherwise I am well. I will now close this long letter before writing again. I think we will find something to do. Don't be uneasy

Yours as ever,

J. W REID.

NOTE.—In closing these letters I always stated the health of our immediate neighbors—naming each one of them—which I omit now as of no importance. I generally taper off with a little honey and sugar talk to my wife, which I also omit here, as I don't believe it is any of your business if I did call her Snug. As to my children, I have but one—and have but one yet—a son, then going to school. His name is Washington Irving. Hereafter when I speak of Irving, you will know who I mean. In the latter part of the war, when I was an engineer officer, of which I will hereafter speak, this same Irving came to me in Virginia and remained till the end of the war, being present at the surrender; took the measles that very day, and was kept in the hospital at Farmerville until in May. Of this I will say more hereafter.

PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY, VA., July 23d, 1861.

"The sky was darkened; we were hid from the sun;
The earth it did tremble, but the victory's won."

I scarcely know how to begin, so much has transpired since I wrote to you last; but thank God I have come through it all safe, and am now here to try and tell you something about the things that have just happened. As you have already been informed, we were expecting a big fight. It came; it is over: the enemy is gone. We left Camp Holcomb the day that I finished my last letter to you, the 17th inst., and by a rather forced march got to this place the same day On the 18th a battle was fought four miles from here, at a place called McLane's Ford, which would have been called a big battle in any of our previous wars. Our men drove the enemy back. I can't give any of the details, as our regiment was not in it, but bad as it was, it was only a skirmish by the side of the one we have just had at this place. On Saturday last, the 20th, it became evident that the long-looked-for battle was approaching. I need not undertake to describe to you the terrors of a big battle, so that you could comprehend how awful the sight and how terrible the sound is or would be to you. The very best of historians, or writers of any kind, would fall short in doing so, and of course it could not reasonably be expected of me to do so; but I will now proceed and give facts as they occurred under my own observation. On Saturday night I happened to be on guard. It also happened that I was on post (or vidette). Just before day, on Sunday morning, at which time those of us on post nearest the big road, heard the enemy approaching. We gave the alarm, and in a few minutes the regiment was formed in line of battle on the hill overlooking Stone Bridge on Bull Run Creek. This was just about daylight. The enemy did not keep us long waiting. Just at six o'clock they fired their first gun (a cannon). It went over us, and in a few moments afterwards a regular firing was going on. Language fails me in giving a description of last Sunday's work. It seems almost a miracle that I could remain ten long hours in such a

battle and now be here, unhurt, writing to you; but such is nevertheless the case An unseen hand has carried me through safe. When the battle commenced the only troops on the ground were Wheat's Battalion, of Louisiana, and the Fourth Regiment of South Carolinians, commanded by Colonel J B. E. Sloan, of which regiment you are aware that I am a member. These troops were placed as follows: Six companies of our regiment were placed on the hill as above stated; Captain Dean's company, to which I belong, and Captain Humphries' company were placed at the foot of the hill, some two hundred yards in rear of the regiment, to act as a referee. Captain Anderson's and Captain Kilpatrick's companies were placed—the one above and the other below the bridge, in advance of the regiment, to act as skirmishers. Wheat's Battalion was placed a half mile or so up the creek to our left. This was precisely the position of what troops was here when the battle commenced, as above stated. About half-past seven a regular firing was going on, and our cannons were only two in number, all we had at that time. About this time it was ascertained that several thousand of the enemy had crossed the creek higher up and had attacked Wheat s Battalion in large numbers. At this juncture the six companies under Colonel Sloan were ordered by General Evans to go to Wheat's assistance. The two companies of regulars (to which remember I belonged) were ordered to occupy the position that had been occupied by the other six companies on the hill. Just after this our reinforcements commenced coming in to Wheat's assistance but none to our assistance on the hill overlooking Stone Bridge By this time the battle became pretty hot, the enemy still advancing in large numbers. Our reinforcements were also coming in rapidly by this time. The firing had not ceased for a moment from the time it first commenced; the balls and shells poured amongst us like hail. About twelve o'clock two small cannons came to our assistance (we on the hill). They fired a few rounds only, the enemy advancing in such overwhelming numbers that the ten cannons ceased firing,

and was compelled to fall back. The two companies above mentioned also fell back a few hundred yards. We had not left our position but a few minutes till the enemy was occupying the position that we had just left. All this time the battle was raging tremendously higher up the creek. The enemy had crossed the creek by thousands, but our men up there were standing their ground bravely. I did not know how or at what time Kilpatrick's and Anderson's companies got away from the creek, but they did get away some how, and fought till the battle ended in another part of the field. A little after one o'clock our two companies got around to where the hotest of the fight was going on, and there remained amid sulphur and smoke, balls and shells, death and carnage, until the battle ended, late in the evening, because we failed any longer to find a foe to fight. They were gone. The victory was complete. We are now occupying the same ground that we did before the battle. As this letter can't go before to-morrow I will finish in the morning.

STONE BRIDGE BATTLE FIELD, JULY 24TH.—As before stated, I cannot give you an idea of the terrors of this battle. I believe that it was as hard a contested battle as was ever fought on the American continent, or perhaps anywhere else. For ten long hours it almost seemed that heaven and earth was coming together; for ten long hours it literally rained balls, shells and other missiles of destruction. The firing did not cease for a moment. Try to picture to yourself at least one hundred thousand men, all loading and firing as fast as they could. It was truly terrific. The cannons, although they make a great noise, were nothing more than pop guns compared with the tremendous thundering noise of the thousands of muskets. The sight of the dead, the cries of the wounded, the thundering noise of the batttle, can never be put on paper It must be seen and heard to be comprehended. The dead, the dying and the wounded; friend and foe, all mixed up together; friend and foe embraced in death; some crying for water; some praying their last prayers; some trying to

whisper to a friend their last farewell message to their loved ones at home. It is heartrending. I cannot go any further. Mine eyes are damp with tears. I will now close this letter Perhaps in my next I will say something more of the Waterloo of America. I should have stated above that Jefferson Davis, General Johnson and General Beauregard all came amongst us late in the evening. We gave them a yell.

Although the fight is over the field is yet quite red with blood from the wounded and the dead.

Yours as ever,

J W REID.

NOTE.—Some years ago I read a history of the late war, written by some Northern man—I don't recollect the author's name—and in giving a description of this battle he says, that when the attack was made that morning, there were fifteen regiments of Confederate troops on the ground at the commencement. This statement I flatly deny. There are hundreds of men still living that will corroborate what I have stated —that is, that Wheat's Battalion and the Fourth South Carolina Regiment was all that was there at the beginning, or about fifteen companies. It is true there were other troops not far off, but the battle had been opened some time before they commenced coming in. As before stated, there was but one regiment and one battalion on the ground, or fifteen companies, instead of regiments, and the future historian will put it so, if he puts it correctly. The same author, after going on in this erroneous fashion for some time, at length caps the climax by saying that late in the evening the Federal army gave way in good order. If that was good order I would like for the same author to tell me what it would take to constitute a rout; for they ran as fast as fast as their legs could carry them, without any regard to discipline, army regulations, or anything else but self-preservation. They threw away everything they had, and then carried themselves away at the rate of ten knots an hour. Good order! Please let me hear from a regular rout.

STONE BRIDGE BATTLEFIELD,
PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY, VA., July 28, 1861.

A few lines in a hurry, as we are preparing to leave this place for one where water will be more convenient. I will give you a few more items about our big fight before I leave the battle ground. It is said we fought about three

to one on the 21st. I am not in a position to know how many was killed and wounded on either side, but there was most assuredly a great many. I went over what I could of the battlefield the evening after the battle ended. The sight was appalling in the extreme. There were men shot in every part of the body, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. Heads, legs, arms, and other parts of human bodies were lying scattered all over the battlefield. The next day after the battle I went two or three miles out along the road that the enemy had traveled in their retreat. It seemed that what they did not leave on the battlefield they had thrown away after they started. The road was completely blockaded with wagons, cannon, caisons and other vehicles, as far as I went, and muskets were scattered about by thousands; knapsacks, haversacks and the like literally covered the ground. I think we got all the cannon they had, which was something over sixty in number, including the famous Sherman Battery, and one very noted cannon called "Long Tom." I think we got about all the small arms they had. We also took a great many prisoners and sundries by the thousand. It is said that it was their regular army that we fought. I don't think that we will have another big fight soon, as it will be next Spring before they can raise another army and equip it ready for service. I talked with Colonel E. P Jones, of Greenville, the day after the fight, and he and I both were of opinion that we ought to have followed the enemy when they retreated (in good order), but there are heads here that have more in them than is in ours, and in all probability more on them. There were a great many narrow escapes during the fight; a great many had holes shot in their clothing, and some of them at several places. A young man of my company named Mathew Parker had two balls to go through his hat. It was an old fashioned bee gum hat, like the one that I wore off. We both swapped off our bee gum hats that evening. We had choice amongst thousands. We are both now wearing nice low crowned hats, but we don't

know what they cost or who paid for them, neither do we care. I will have to stop, as we are ready to move.

Yours as ever,
J W REID.

CAMP PETTUS, FAIRFAX CO., VA., July 30th, 1861.

I have nothing interesting to write at present. My main object in writing now is that you may know that I am still alive and enjoying good health; and I presume that is what you are more interested in and would rather hear than any news that could be written by me or any other person; therefore I shall say but little about the war at present, but will confine myself to other matters. I have already written you two letters previous to this one, since the battle, in which I gave you about all the details of the fight that I thought would interest you. I did not give you a list of those killed in my company, as you are acquainted with them. I will not at present give their names. I sent the last letter that I wrote to you by Willis Dickson, who is gone to Culpepper Court House to the hospital, sick; he may go home. In it I gave you the particulars of our fight the best I could under existing circumstances, and what I did state as facts you may depend upon as facts. I still have a strong presentiment that I will get home again, some time. It may be a good while, and there is no telling at present what I may have to go through before I come, if I do come, only that I will have to encounter war and its consequences. Be that what it may, try and be as courageous as you can, and I will do the same. I will try to watch passing events as closely as I can, and from my conclusions accordingly I will on all occasions give you my opinion about things; but do not take my opinions as Gospel facts, but just take them for what you think they are worth. A few days after the fight I found out that the Hampton Legion was at Manassas Junction. I understood that they had been in the fight, but had went back to the Junction; so I concluded to go and find out

whether my brother Reuben was still with them or not. I got leave from my betters and went on to hunt the Legion. I found it at the Junction, but Reuben and his Captain, Toliver Bozeman, both had got a discharge whilst at Richmond and gone back home. Reuben's complaint was said to be heart disease. Heart disease is getting very common here—the kind that I call chicken heart disease. That is not the kind, however, that Reuben has got. He has had heart disease for many years, as you are well aware. I found Jim Tarrant and Bill Thompson and several more of our Wilson Bridge neighbors that day. When I last wrote you we were still on the battlefield. Yesterday morning, the 29th, we left there and came on to this place, six or seven miles nearer to Alexandria and Washington City It is said that all the carpenters of this brigade, and perhaps others, are at work on a bridge between here and Alexandria; and there it is stated that we will cross and attack the enemy I don't believe a word of it. If we intended to cross over at all we should have done so on the 21st. My opinion is that it would be bad policy to cross now or any other time in the future. We are just not going to do it. We are right here amongst several South Carolina regiments now, and I know that they will do to tie the grape vine of our canoe to. There are troops here from all parts of the Confederacy, from Dan even to Beersheba; so if we should have another fight soon it will be some pumpkins; but I don't think we will, for the one we have just had ought to satisfy all parties concerned; and I don't know but what it would be better to give them another little brush before they recruit up again. I am on guard again, now writing on a drum head, the best place that I have had for a long time. I now have to go on post again. I am now off of post. Whilst on post I saw any amount of our old tea plant called ditna that you and I used to gather on the old Saluda hills when you and I were young, Polly "Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind." Direct to Manassas Junction, Va.

Yours as ever,

J W Reid.

NOTE.—With the above letter I sent the following lines, thinking it might amuse my wife or any one who might see it; and as I have it now before me I will draw it off just as the original. Perhaps it may amuse the reader of to-day.

Whilst I was sitting around about the guard house and off of post, there were several little squads hunkered about on rocks and stumps, some talking about one thing and some about another. I could only hear a few words at a time, first from one squad, then another. It was right amusing to me, and may be to you. It ran as follows:

Squad No. 1.—"Yes, it was Old Abe that recommended it. If he could have had his way he would have" ——

Squad No. 2.—"His face greasy from ear to ear. He can eat more in one day than I could in" ——

"Several years yet, but I don't think it will last longer'

—

"Then my whiskers. I have not shaved since I left"

—

"Noah's ark. Two and two of every kind of animals. Two lions, two elephants, two tigers, and two" ——

"Dumplings! If I could just get them all the time I would soon fatten up and look as well as a" ——

"Possom and taters is just as good as anything that I ever —— Stuck my head in up to my eyes and got nearly drowned. I tried to call for" ——

"A chew of tobacco, if you please. I have not had any since I left Stone Bridge. When I get some I will give you" ——

"The d—est whipping that a set of fellows ever got if they just fall into the hands of" ——

"My wife and children I left with tears in their eyes, and told them not to look" ——

"At that little upstart. Just gin a fool a little office and it soon makes" ——

"Chickens and dumplings if I have to pay" ——

"Five hundred thousand dollars and four hundred thousand more to try to exterminate" ——

"Every louse on my head, since I got that fine comb. I did have a good many till" ——

"Dr. Cooley gave me some blue mass and some other stuff that made me throw up" ——

"My commission and go home, where I can get" ——.

"The worst kind of a bile right on my hip, but when I had it lanced it run" ——

"For captain, but he got so badly beat that I don't think he will ever" ——

"Double quick much for half a mile, and then halted right in front of" ——

"Bill Smith's leg. They cut it off just above" ——

"The top of the Blue Ridge. We had gone several miles, when we came to a place" ——

"That stinks worse than a dead horse. I would almost perish before I would eat" ——

"My new hat and shoes that I got at Richmond as we came along; they just cost me"

"My life is in his hands, if they do bring four hundred thousand" ——

"Green flies over everything. They will just blew" ——

"The bugle for drill directly, and then I hope that fellow yonder will quit sawing away on that" ——

"Old woman and children; I do want to see them so bad I would gave any man" ——

"The measles, the worst kind. There is several in my mess broke" ——

"All to pieces, and its full of whiskey, so I lost bottle and all. It fell right on" ——

"Sam Brown's nose. It was shot off right where it joins" ——

"Nova Scotia. It now belongs to England. It was discovered by" ——

"Long-heeled Jake, as we called him; his leg was nearly in the middle of" ——

"Hell or some other seaport town, and all the rest with him, and then I would be perfectly" ——

"Blind. If it was not for that he would be the best horse in" ——

"This canteen and tin cup just holds" ——

"The general impression here is that we have" ——

"A baked goose for dinner, but it was not half done, and I believe it was" ——

"Sixty-five years old when he came into the service, but he seems to stand it well, considering that he has" ——

"A sucking babe not more than fifteen months old, and will soon be looking for another; if that is so" ——

"I shall have to gun my blankets to-morrow, for we don't know at what moment we may have to go" ——

"To the devil with your crackers. I had rather eat" ——

"President Davis and General Beauregard both say that" ——

"We must cook that mutton for dinner or it will spoil" ——

"Our uniforms every evening at dress parade. At any other time we can wear" ——

"My patience out talking so much. I had as leave hear" ——

"That big snoring of nights. It would keep any man from" ——

"Running and jumping into the river head foremost, and staying under the water till he was nearly out of" ——

"Something to eat. I have not had a bite since" ——

"I was born, on the 4th of July, 1829. That makes me just" ——

"Six o'clock, and I must go on post again."

The drum beats and ends the conversation.

CAMP PETTUS, VA., MONDAY MORNING, 4 O'CLOCK, AUGUST 5TH, 1861.—I had so many letters to write for other people yesterday that I did not get to write any for myself, but I don't know that it would make any material difference, as I have nothing worthy of your attention to write about at present. I will have to go on guard again this morning at eight o'clock, and remain till eight to-morrow morning. I have not had a letter from you in two weeks.

I believe there is something wrong with the mail (not the female). I will try and send this letter on to Columbia or some other point on the railroad by hand. The war news is dull indeed. We hear nothing at all of another fight soon. Some seem to think that the enemy is pretty well satisfied, and others think (and me for one) that they are making all the preparations in their power to carry on the war. I still feel gallant and want you to try and feel buoyant. I want to do what fighting I have to do and get back to Dixie. Yours as ever,

J W REID.

CAMP PETTUS, FAIRFAX CO., VA., August 8th, 1861.

I have received yours of the 31st of July, in which you inform me that you have attached yourself to the Church. The news is very gratifying to me indeed, and I hope you may live to see me a member also. I think I have known men as bad as I am to reform and join the Church. In fact the wicked ones are the only ones that are called on to reform. It is the sick that needs a physician. It is said in God's word that everything worketh together for good to them that believe. I think that I do believe, although I don't conform to what I profess to believe. I fear there are but few that do. Tell Irving that I have not forgotten him; tell him to be a good boy and be governed by the advice that I gave him just before my departure. I have nothing at all important to write. I only write at this time merely that you may hear from me. We are still at Camp Pettus, between Manassas Junction and Alexandria. We will probably remain here for some time. We cannot tell. Yours affectionately,

J W REID.

NOTE.—My wife did live to see me a member of the Church, and there is nothing under Heaven that gives me as much satisfaction as that. She did live to see me a member; she had prayed for it so long; she lived to see her prayer answered.

CAMP PETTUS, FAIRFAX CO., VA., August 11th, 1861.

I have just received a letter from Mr Dickinson, in which he states that you were all well. It was made last Sunday, the 4th inst. I have nothing definite to write about the war We got orders yesterday to be ready at a moment's warning to march. Our commissary is ordered to keep on hand, at all times, three days' rations, to carry with us, if we should have to march. It is said here to-day that we will march to-morrow, but that, I think, is uncertain; but I think it is certain that we will march soon, and where we will go to I cannot at present say,—perhaps Washington City It seems that some of the great European powers are beginning to look upon this war as being of some importance. This will be plain to you when I inform you that Prince Jerome Bonaparte has visited our country, and on last Friday reviewed our army We were marched to Centreville, which is about one and a half miles from here, on Friday, the 9th inst., and was reviewed by him. But, by the way, I thought it the warmest day that I ever had seen; it was perfectly suffocating. A great many men gave out and stopped before we got there, and a great many broke ranks after we got there. There were two men I know of who fainted. I came very near giving out myself. What made things worse, we had our thick woolen uniforms on, and our coats buttoned up. It was almost suffocating. It is said here that Bonaparte also reviewed the Federal army. His presence here is a matter of speculation to both parties. I have do more war news. Dame Rumor is still tattling. I am sorry to say our ranks are being thinned by sickness and death. Before this reaches you you will no doubt hear of the death of Claudius Earle, who died at Richmond a few days ago. I fought within a few yards of him on the 21st of July Our friend (Irving's teacher) Jesse Smith, is at the point of death. There are a good many others of my acquaintance sick at hospitals, and I have but little chance of hearing from them. My Captain (Dean) is sick, and gone to Culpepper Court House. Colonel Sloan has also gone off sick, and a great many others.

I am sorry to have to say that a good many are dying at the different hospitals. I hope the sickness will abate when the weather gets cooler, if not before.

As it happens I am again on guard to-day, writing on a Yankee drum head, one that we took at Stone Bridge. I this morning put on my new blue flannel shirt that I took from Uncle Sam on the day after the battle. It is a perfect fit; made on purpose for me. The reason that I put it on is this: My other shirts are wet; I had them washed yesterday

I will write again as soon as I can; but if we do have to move it may be some time. I forgot to state that our present Brigadier General is named Jones.

Yours as ever,

J. W REID.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA.,
Wednesday Morning, 10 O'clock, Aug. 14, 1861.

In my last letter to you, the 11th inst., I told you that there was a talk of our moving soon. Sure enough, on Monday, the 12th, we left Camp Pettus and came on to this place, Germantown, the same day, a distance of six or seven miles. We are now some nearer Alexandria and Washington than we were before. I think I told you in a former letter that we were but eight or ten miles from Alexandria. I was wrongly informed. It is said to be twelve or fifteen from here, and we are several miles nearer there now than we were then. We are one and a half miles from Fairfax Court House, where it is said that General Washington's will is recorded and where he attended church. It is eighteen miles to Mount Vernon, where he lived and where he is buried. This little town here, Germantown, is in ashes, the enemy having burnt it on their march to Richmond; but they did not get very far south till the weather got too hot for them and they had to come back. The climate at Stone Bridge was entirely too near the Torrid Zone for them. We do not anticipate another big fight soon, as the enemy is not yet ready to again advance on us, and I hardly think it probable that

we will advance on them. I think it too late now for that. We should have done that in July, if at all. Some think that we will storm Arlington Heights pretty soon. I don't pretend to know, but I don't believe we will. This is only my opinion. But there is one thing I do know, or think I know, and that is, if we do take Arlington Heights it will cost us something. But as to Alexandria and Washington, I think we could take them easy enough if it was not for their everlasting engines of destruction that are on Arlington Heights. I really have nothing to write about. I only write that you may hear from me, which I know you are anxious for at any time; but if any little thing does happen soon you shall hear from it, if I am able to write.

Since writing the above I have heard some twenty or thirty cannon reports down towards Alexandria. I will not close this letter till I find out what it means. I don't think it is a regular fight. If it was we would be double-quicking down there. There is eight South Carolina regiments all here together, and if we have to go down there, we will give them——what paddy give the drum. Willis Dickinson has been at Culpepper hospital for some time. I can't hear from Jesse Smith. Sam Couch has the mumps.

EVENING, 5 O'CLOCK.—I have not as yet heard from that cannonading. It is still going on at intervals. Perhaps they are only trying their guns or trying to scare us, which they have everlastingly failed to do.

I will write more when I know more.

Yours as ever,

J W REID.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, GERMANTOWN,
FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA., August 15th, 1861.

Nothing new since I wrote last. The cannonading that I spoke of turned out to be nothing. I have just heard of a battle fought above here the other day, at a place called Pan Handle. I hear so many different reports about it that I shall not attempt to say much about it at present.

I do not know how many were engaged in it, or how many killed and wounded, but report says a great many I think though, from what I can find out, that our side got the best of it, as usual. I understand that our troops were commanded by General Wise, of Virginia (Governor Wise). I also understand that a battle has been fought somewhere out towards Missouri, the particulars of which I have no positive information; but report says our side got the best of it; I can't say. They would tell us so here whether it was so or not. I hope, however, that it is so. It don't seem to me that the war ought to last long now, as both armies are pretty large now and pretty close together, and why not fight it out and be done with it. That would be the tactics of High Private J. W Reid. Each army seems to be waiting for the other to make the attack. The big officers on both sides are getting big pay, and I don't suppose that some of them are in a big hurry to go home. I mean no insinuation, but if the shoe fits wear it.

I will pay the last cent I have in the world for postage on this letter; but when I write again Providence will provide for me. He always will.

Our friend, Jesse Smith, is dead. I heard it last night. He has been dead several days. Colonel Sloan, Lieutenant Colonel Charles Mattison and Major Whitner are all sick. My own Captain, Thomas Dean, and Lieutenant B. A. M. McAllister are both sick at the hospital, and a great many more officers and privates are sick at the different hospitals; and I will here remark that most of the cases of sickness are not considered very dangerous. I think that the cases of bad sickness are few, considering our number. Take the same number anywhere else and you will doubtless find as much sickness. I am still in good health, and, as you well know, have the constitution of a nail machine. I hope I will still have good health, but still I may get sick as well as others; and if so, I will try to get leave of Dr. Cooley to remain in camp. I think I would fare better.

You say that you have religion. Don't let it make you melancholy True religion, the kind that I hope you have,

will not do that. It will be more inclined to make you cheerful. Pray in faith, and your prayers will most assuredly be answered. He says they will, and He cannot lie. If your prayers are not answered immediately, don't think that they will never be. God has His own time to do all things, and at the proper time He will do it; for He cannot lie, and He says He will answer any prayer prayed in faith.

Yours as ever,
J. W REID

ARMY OF OCCUPATION OR INVASION, GERMANTOWN,
FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA.,
Sunday Morning, 10 O'clock, Aug. 18, 1861.

Last night, after I laid down, Mr. Phillips called me up to read a letter for him that he had got from home. On opening it I found a few lines in it that you sent to me. It is unnecessary for me to say how magnificent it made me feel. You say that you were to trade with old Tom Appler for a cow My advice is to do so if you can, for the cow would certainly be of more service to you than the horse. You also say that you have a good many watermelons, but that they do you no good because I am not there to help eat them. Don't let that make any difference, for I have something here that I would like to divide with you; but as we can't divide what we have, we will strike off even, and each one partake of what we have, and eat it with as much relish as we can. I have a good mess of beans to-day, and can get more any time I want them by paying for them. I also have apple pie very often. Peaches are not ripe here yet. I also get plenty of roasting ears. I have eaten beef till, if you were to see me, you would take me for a Virginia bull. In this letter I send you two kind of tomato seed; one kind is as large as my fist; the other kind is small, and has a neck like daddie's powder gourd. I suppose that you think I write mighty often; so I do; but I also suppose that I don't write any oftener than you want to hear from me, and especially at

a time when there is so much sickness amongst us. The most fatal complaint among us now is measles, and as you already know I have had them. I have had the measles, the mumps, the whooping cough, the itch, the scald head, the hives, the thrash, and all those little fancy complaints; so I don't know that I need fear from anything now but thunder, Yankee missiles and typhoid fever and hypocondria. My mess are all sick, more or less; the most of them less. Jim Loftin and myself are the only ones of my mess that are complaining of being well. I have no war news. Everything is as dry as a bone, and it is painfully hot. I have no doubt but you read a great many exciting things in the paper; but let me assure you that all that is in the papers are not Gospel truths. I told you in my last letter that I was out of money, but that the Lord would provide, and so He did. He and Jeff Davis and company on yesterday drew five dollars in Virginia shinplasters that are not worth a fig outside of Virginia, but they will pay postage anyhow I will write again soon.

Yours as ever,

J W Reid.

Note.—The tomato seed I mentioned got home safe, and some of their descendants are in the neighborhood yet, 1890. The letters that I am now drawing off ar not so important as afterwards when the times became more exciting, but as I have them before me I will draw them off, so as to give a full account of our travels.

I wrote another letter from Germantown, August 21st, but in it I wrote nothing of importance. I only give the names of those that were sick, and some other little matters not worth repeating. I wrote again on the 27th of August as follows:

On Friday evening last we received information that a fight was going on at Fall's Church, a few miles below here; so we bundled up, leaving our tents under a guard, and ponied off for the scene of action, or rather the scene of inaction, for we only got about three miles, when we got orders to turn back. We instantly obeyed the order,

with a little more promptness than we had done when we started from camp. It was all a humbug. I think it was done to see how many of us there were that were able to travel. There were a great many that were not able, and then there were several taken very suddenly ill. About the time we got the orders to march, I tell you confidently that an order to march right to where a battle is going on is one of the most sickening things on earth. I have seen men, apparently in good health, get sick enough to throw up in a few minutes after an order to march. In fact I have known some officers that did throw up their commissions and go home, it made them so sick. Such news has never made me so very sick yet, but sometimes it makes me feel a little weak and puny-like.

On Sunday night we were again started, we knew not where, but we only got to Fairfax Court House, about one mile and a half from here, and again we were ordered back. We promptly obeyed again. More sickness on the occasion. On yesterday morning we were ordered to strike tents and be ready to move at a moment's warning (quite sickly), but in the evening we were ordered to put up our tents again. (Sickness abating considerably). I can't say how long we will remain here, but if we start again I want to keep on. I am tired trotting backwards and forwards. I don't think that we will attack the enemy where they are now; neither do we believe that they will venture to travel the same road that they did in July It was too hot for them at that time, and I think it would be so again. I am sorry to say that our regiment is in a rather bad condition for fighting or marching at present. Of my mess of nine men all are sick but Jim Loftin and myself. Last Saturday I went four miles to our hospital to see the sick. I found one hundred and sixty of our regiment there. There are a great many of our regiment at other hospitals. Ten men were dying when I got there, one belonging to my own company, named William Bagwell, and another belonging to Griffin's company, named Hunt. They both died that day. Two of my company died at Culpepper last week, Thomas Bagwell and Marion Murray, all from

the effects of measles. Every case of pneumonia or fever that I have heard of originated from measles. Every one that has took pneumonia or fever took it after going to the hospital. Judd McLees took the measles here, and I got Dr. Cooley to let him remain in camp with me. I have now got him up and about again. If I get sick I will remain in camp if possible.

There are not as many deaths at Culpepper now as there were a week or two ago. It is getting some colder now, and I hope times will soon be better It is a very dark time now

FIVE O'CLOCK, EVENING.—Great preparations are going on for some purpose I know not what, but I positively do hope that is for another fight, for I am anxious to do what fighting I have got to do and be done with it. To tell the truth I am getting tired of this way of living. I will now close for the present.

Yours affectionately,
J W REID.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC GERANTOWN,
FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA., September 1, 1861

I have no news. Everything is quiet for the present. The two armies are close together, and could go to fighting at any time, but it seems that each party dreads to attack the other party, and well they may; for let the attack be made by whom it may, somebody will get hurt, for I have found out long ago that the other party is about as good fighting stock as we are We are all chips of the old block. We never know when we will fight till we go at it. Colonel Sloan and three or four others have got back to camp, but Lieutenant Colonel Mattison has been sent off sick; so that I can't see that there is much improvement in the health of our regiment as yet. James and Willis DICKINSON are both sick. Phillips, the two Earles, Stacks, Herron, Couch, Loftin and Jefferson, all of my company but the two Earles, are well. Tell Mr. Dickinson

to address his letters to me for the present, and I will send them to the boys. I will keep myself informed of how the boys are coming on, and let him know in my letters to you about them.

We have had two more deaths at our country hospital this week. They were men you are not acquainted with. The good Lord has carried me safe thus far, for some purpose unknown to me at present; and I hope He will carry me safely through all the changes that daily surround me. Bad as I am, and bad as I may appear to others, still I have implicit confidence in Providence. There is unfortunately a great many here who cannot write, and they keep me almost all my time, when off of duty, writing letters for them. I cannot deny them. Only a day or two ago I had written letters till I was tired out, when Lige Herring came to me, with paper and ink in hand, requesting me to write a letter for him. I refused. He walked off a few steps and looked up and down the street, undecided what to do. He looked to me like his heart would break. I called him back and wrote his letter, reflecting how it would be if I could not write to you. "As ye would have others do unto you, do ye so even unto them," came into my mind at the time, and I am not ashamed to say that I acted accordingly

I would be glad if you would send me by mail my gloves and a good big needle, as I have to do my own patching and ironing. The ironing, however, goes minus.

The bell is now ringing for preaching. I will go and hear the sermon and then write.

FOUR O'CLOCK P M.—I went and heard our Chaplain preach, Rev Mr Guinn, of Greenville. He preached a very touching sermon; it brought tears to my eyes, if I am a soldier It makes me feel quite serious to hear so many voices singing and not a female voice among them. Will I ever hear that sweet music again? I hope so.

I have just been handed a letter from the hospital. Our sick ones are no better I got a letter yesterday from our esteemed brother-in-law, John A. Cargill. Your mother and family are all well. John speaks of coming out here to me soon. I will now stop a while

MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2D.—Nothing new Cold enough for frost. Please don't forget gloves and needle.

Yours affectionately,

J W REID.

NOTE.—The reader must understand that I do not commence and end those letters as I did at the time, as I sometimes used some very sympathetic language to my wife in beginning and closing my letters, and I will not repeat it here in drawing them off, as I don't wish to set you all crying. Everything else is just precisely as I wrote it at the time, ungrammatical as it was and is yet.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, GERMANTOWN, VA.,
September 4th, 1861.

A HISTORY OF POCKET KNIVES.

I have two pocket knives—one a white pearl handle, the other a black handle. I aim the white handle for you, the other for Irving. The white-handled one I found while at Leesburg, and could find no owner; the black-handled one I got as follows: I was walking over what I could of the battlefield, late in the evening, after the battle, and came across a Federal soldier shot through the bowels. The knife was laying close to him. I picked it up and offered it to him. His reply was, "Keep it, friend; I shall need it no more; I am mortally wounded and cannot live to see another sunrise." I gave him a drink of water from my canteen, which I had just filled, and told him that I had some of my friends to see after that evening. He then gave me a package of letters, requesting me to destroy them. I promised to do so and did so. He said that I had given him his last drink of water. Next morning I found him dead, with another letter lying on his breast. I opened and read it, and from the tone of it supposed it to be from his wife: it was at least some female, who advised him to meet her in Heaven, if they never met on earth again. They never met. I hope they may meet in Heaven. He told me that he was a regular from the State of Maine, but I cannot recollect his name. Could it be possible that my bullet hit him. I hope not, but I fought

right in front of where he was. I left him for other scenes equally distressing, and destroyed his last and, I suppose, most cherished letter This is some of the history of our cruel war When will it ever end? Our advanced pickets are within five miles of Washington City, and are skirmishing every day with the pickets of the enemy There is no telling what it may lead to. I at this moment hear cannon firing in that direction. O, dear me, I have a kind of dull headache. If I have to close this letter abruptly you may know where I am.

EVENING, 5 O'CLOCK.—I have news from that firing. It was some of our men trying to drive a portion of the enemy from a position that they were occupying between here and Washington. They succeeded in doing so. I have not heard what the loss was on either side.

Yours as ever,
J W REID.

NOTE.—The knives that I spoke of I did send home. My wife kept hers for a great many years. My boy dropped his in the ocean, near Charleston, in 1863, and that was the end of the knife that I got from a dying Federal soldier.

ARMY OF OCCUPATION OR INVASION,
GERMANTOWN, FAIRFAX CO., VA., Sept. 11, 1861.

I have just received a letter from W P Brown, in which he informs me that you are well and doing well. I also got a letter from Silas Crow. He informs me that he saw you on the 31st of August. He also says that you are well. Everything about us is as it was when I wrote last, all quiet; but it cannot remain so always, and the sooner it changes the better; for if I remain in this place inactive much longer, I will turn to a high land terrapin or an oyster. My idea is that the sooner we fight the better. There is bigger and perhaps lousier heads here than mine, but still I have head enough to form my own conclusions and my own ideas about things. I am glad cool weather is coming. The first thing we all know Christmas will be

here and then it will not be very long till the glorious 14th of April will be here.

As to my own part I am ready, willing and wanting to take another crack or two at the Yankee Doodles and let them take a crack at me.

Just as I wrote the above we were called out to drill, and here is a list of those of my company present: Peter Brown, John Manning and J W Reid. Sergeant G. W Belcher was our officer in command. Such as this is a little disheartening, even to a soldier, but I am well aware that the greater portion of the men are not dangerously sick. Quite the reverse. But those on guard yesterday and the guard of to-day were excusable, according to army regulations, from drilling; so that there were about ten in all that were able and willing to drill or do duty of any kind. I will be on guard to-morrow

If you don't mind I will be as good a cook when I come home as you are. I am chief cook and bottle washer here now I now have some pig, or mule—I don't know which—on cooking for dinner I am going to stew it down, so that I can have some sop—vulgarly called gravy I always want to use the best language that I can, and therefore I call it by its true grammatical name, sop.

THURSDAY MORNING, 8 O'CLOCK, SEPTEMBER 12TH.—Last night we got orders to cook up two days' rations and be ready to move at a moment's warning. We cooked till 10 o'clock last night, but are not gone yet, and may not go at all. If we do go I don't know which way we will go, neither do I care much. I send these lines in a letter, backed to W P Brown. He will hand it to you. I will write again as soon as I can find something to write about.

Yours forever,

J W REID.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, GERMANTOWN, VA.,
September 16th, 1861.

We did not go as anticipated, but are still here. Our advanced pickets and the advanced pickets of the enemy

are in sight of each other and firing on each other almost continually, but no great damage has been done as yet, unless it has been done this morning.

LATER.—We have this moment received orders again to cook up three days' rations, and be ready to march, but I have been fooled so often that I shall not believe we are going till we get half way to Washington or Alexandria. It is the general opinion—whether it is the opinion of the General or not—that another big battle will come off soon. Well, let it come. Of one thing I am pretty certain, and that is, that if it don't come pretty soon it will not come at all before next Spring. I do wish it would come, for I am perfectly sick and tired of hearing it talked of so much and nothing done. The weather will be too cold here this Winter for active operations. Of this I am certain. There is no telling what may occur before this reaches you. As before stated, we have an advanced guard all the time. Several regiments go off at a time and remain several days, and then are relieved by other regiments. Perhaps it is our time to go now I will now stop and try to find out what is up.

EVENING, 4 O'CLOCK.—We have finished cooking rations and are waiting for further orders. I can hear nothing definite from that heavy firing this morning. It must have been of some importance, as the firing continued for several hours. I think we are all right now, though at a critical point in our history The time is near at hand when we must stand or fall as a nation. Right here now are two of the largest and best disciplined armies that have ever been raised in modern times, and composed of men on both sides that will fight to the death. General Beauregard has moved his headquarters (and hind quarters too) to Fairfax Court House, one mile and a half below here. We have a pretty large army in this vicinity at this time, from all parts of Dixie,—Kentucky and Maryland not excepted. Had a dream last night that I started for home, and when near there came across Irving and the dog, about to catch a 'possum. It was just night, and

Irving kissed me a thousand times. He had grown so much that I scarcely knew him. When I got to the house all my sisters were there, and they all kissed me, but I thought you would hardly speak to me. It came so near breaking my heart that I awoke, and here I was lying on the ground, on the Potomac River, nearly a thousand miles from home. What a lie to dream! I know that you would be the first among ten thousand to welcome me home. Will stop till I hear more news.

SEPTEMBER 17TH.—That firing yesterday was some of our men firing on some vessels in the Potomac River Not much damage was done. It is ascertained that we will go on picket somewhere between here and Washington. I may not write any more till we get back, but will if I can. Will inform you of passing events whenever I can. Yours as ever,

J. W REID.

NOTE—Although what I am writing at this time may not interest the reader, still it is a time that will always be remembered by those who were present as one of the darkest times to us that we had during the war; more than a thousand miles from home, over half our men sick, and looking for an attack every day. Dark! Dark! Dark!

FALL'S CHURCH, VA., September 20th, 1861.

In my last I informed you that we were expecting to leave camp soon. Accordingly, on Tuesday, at 3 o'clock in the evening, we started for this place. We had but just started, when it commenced a very hard rain, and rained on for two or three hours. We made no stop till we got here, which was about 9 o'clock at night. We lay on the wet ground, in our night clothes, all night. I slept but very little On Wednesday morning I wrote a letter to Mr. Dickinson about his boys, and requested him to read it to you. Presume he did so. On the same day (Wednesday) we took possession of a church, which we still occupy, and suppose will remain in till we go back to camp. We are very comfortably situated here, and I do

not think that there is one among us but what would rather remain here than go back to camp at Germantown. There are several regiments here, and they take it by turns going out on vidette or picket post. My regiment went yesterday, and has just returned. I did not get to go, as it was known that I was (free) stone mason, and was detailed to build a big bake oven, ten feet wide and twelve feet long, intended to bake bread for the whole congregation. Almost every day there are some coming and some leaving here. I suppose we will return in a few days. This morning I went out to the furthest point occupied by our troops to a place called Monson's Hill, and there I could easily see all creation. I could see Washington City and Alexandria; at the latter could see a a United States flag as high as Trinity monument; also partially see Arlington Heights. I will go back there if I can. Could see the enemy's position better perhaps than they could see ours from their balloon. The Potomac River is literally covered with vessels, the masts of some of them extending up considerably nearer Heaven I fear than the occupants of the vessels will ever be. While I was there I saw a balloon go up three times at Washington City Suppose it went up to see what (I) we were doing. Could see their line of tents for miles up and down the river It was really a beautiful sight.

We are now in as pretty a town as we have ever seen. The inhabitants are all gone, being friendly to the Union; so we have full control here at present. I am now sitting on the big church, writing on a bench. We are but a few yards from the celebrated Falls Church, from which the town takes its name. This Falls Church was built long before the War of Independence, and is built of brick brought from England; so stated. Here is where Washington used to come to church, and some say his membership was here; others say it was at Fairfax Court House. This place reminds me a little of old Pickensville, only it is a much larger place. Would like to live here very well. Will now stop till to-morrow

SATURDAY EVENING, 5 O'CLOCK, SEPTEMBER 21ST.—This morning, having nothing to do, I went off about one mile from town, into the woods, to patch up my breeches, remaining awhile in my shirt tail. During the operation if a dog had seen me and not have laughed, he would undoubtedly have switched his tail or boo-hooed and run backwards, with his tail touching his chin. I had left all my clothes at camp, only what I had on, and they had got torn pretty bad right—right where Mamma used to slap me. While I was tailoring away at my pants, a gun was fired, a few yards off.

I took long stitches, jerked on my breeches, jumped over ditches, went through the switches, and formed a line of march and made for camp. You may inquire what kind of a line I formed. Answer: A bee line.

There has been a good deal of firing along our picket line to-day We had one man killed, a Virginian, and two of the enemy killed.

It is nearly dark now and raining. I must stop.

SUNDAY EVENING, 2 O'CLOCK.—I have just returned from preaching. One Episcopalian preached a sermon in Falls Church—a very good sermon. We are now ordered back to camp.

GERMANTOWN, VA., EARLY MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23D.—We left Falls Church about one hour, by the sun, yesterday evening, and got here about 2 o'clock this morning, tired out.

Thomas Burroughs is dead. He died last Wednesday That makes eight of my company that I know of who have died. There may be others.

It is said that we will go back to Falls Church in about fifteen days. Hope we may, for I like the place better than any place I have seen in Virginia. Must now close.

Yours as ever,

J W REID.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, GERMANTOWN,
FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA., September 29th, 1861.

Just after closing my last letter to you I found that I could get a wagon to go after some clothing that t had sent to Gainesville just after the battle We had all sent clothing there. So I started, but was sorry for it; for riding in a wagon on a road paved with nigger head rocks is enough to jolt the ambition out of any soldier; it came very near jolting the ambition out of me. Gainesville is about fifteen miles distant from here, and we were gone two days—John Manning, myself and the driver We camped as we came back at the old Stone Bridge battle field. Next morning I and Manning walked over part o the battlefield which we had fought. It was an awful sight What dirt had been thrown on many of them had washed off, and their bones were only held together by their cloth ing. There were hundreds in that condition. It was truly a ghastly sight to look upon. I never wish to see anothe such a sight; and, to make the matter more revolting, i was raining a little, and the dampness made the stench almost unendurable. We left the field of skulls early, and we got back to camp that evening, feeling very sad. W had succeeded in getting all our clothing. Irving, 'pos sum time is coming; catch all you can, and tell Bear t be a good dog and not bite any person but Yankees and free niggers. He can tell a free nigger by his walk and a Yankee by his talk.

A letter is handed me. Let me read it. The letter i from W B. Brown. He informs me that you are well.

In speaking of the old battlefield I forgot to say tha the trees about there are literally torn to pieces Among the rest there is a walnut tree, about a foo through, that is torn in splinters. I send you a smal splinter of it in this letter and some cedar leaves off a tre that I was under when a cannon ball tore it all to pieces throwing brush and leaves all over me.

You say that it made you feel bad because a cannon ball went so close to me. I think you had better be glad that it went no nearer to me. There were hundreds o

men that were hit by balls of one sort or another. A miss is as good as a mile. Tell Mrs. Land to be sure and let me know whether she is dead or not, as I can hear nothing from her; and if she is dead, to let me know how long she has been dead, and what it was that killed her, and all that she thinks I would like to know about it. There are a good many getting furloughs to go home, but I don't want one. When I come home t want to remain there.

Do the best you can, and I will do what they tell me to do.

Yours as ever,
J. W REID.

NOTE.—When I wrote the above letter I was quite unwell, but remained in camp. If I had went to the hospital, as they wanted me to, I might have died.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
GERMANTOWN, VA., October 6th, 1861

We were reviewed the other day by Generals Beauregard and Johnson. It was a big day with us. Tell Mr. E. J. Earle that I will edit a paper for him when I come home, and call it the *Evergreen Trumpet*, and will trumpet every thing that he knows and everything that I know, and a great sight more things than we both know, from the rivers to the ends of the earth, and from Dan even unto Beersheba. Everything is high here now and getting higher continually Chickens, from the size of a tom tit up to the size of a robin red-breast, thirty cents; butter, some of it old enough to speak for itself, thirty cents per pound; eggs the same and everything else in double proportion. I gave sixty cents for a plug of tobacco yesterday that I could have gotten for ten cents at home when I left there. I will now close this letter

Yours as ever,
J W REID.

NOTE.—E. J. Earle had written to me for mischief that he wanted me to come home and edit a paper. He was aware that I was writing a great many letters for the boys (he lives at Evergreen). In the above letter I wrote a good deal about our condition as to health at the time that I don't here repeat. We had a great deal of sickness at this time and a good many deaths. My letters will be more interesting to the reader when I come to the Spring and Summer of '62.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, GERMANTOWN, VA.,
Thursday, October 10th, 1861.

I have got entirely well, and as cool weather has come I hope the health of our army will be better. No news of importance. All quiet.

Our regiment is again on picket guard. I will now try to explain to you how our different guards are arranged so that you can understand it. In the first place we have what we call a regimental guard (every regiment has one). So many men are detailed every morning from each company, and are posted around the regiment to watch for the enemy and to see that everything is going on right. This guard is divded into three reliefs, one relief on post at a time, being relieved every two hours, so that each relief is on post just one-third of the time. We also have what we call a brigade guard. Men are detailed from the regiments constituting a brigade, and a portion of them are placed on all the roads and highways leading toward our camps, divided into reliefs, as the regimental guard. This constitutes a brigade guard. A picket guard is when one, two, three or more regiments are sent as near the enemy's lines as practicable to watch the movements of the enemy. They are also divided into reliefs like the other guards; and when any one is on post he is called a vidette, or is on vidette guard. So hereafter if I inform you of our pickets, or those of the enemy, being driven in, you may know what I mean, and that is, that the other party has commenced an advance and that hard times are coming.

The reason that I am not on picket with my regiment is that I was on brigade guard when the regiment went off. The regimental guard has to go with the regiment, but the brigade guard does not. That is why I am now here. So much for the guard. I should have stated above that there is never more than one regiment taken from a brigade at a time. There are four regiments to a brigade so myself and one more of my company, named Hadley Elrod, is all that is left here of my company. I am now off of brigade guard and am commander-in-chief of my

own self until the regiment gets back. If my regiment should go to fighting I will trot down there on a double-quick (poke) march. I drew some coffee for my company this morning and sent it to them. Don't laugh at me when I tell you what I sent it in. I took the legs of an old pair of drawers of mine (perfectly clean), and put the coffee in one leg and the sugar in the other. Rather a queer kind of a saddle bag, was it not? I also sent the boys potatoes, in bags, as black as the ace of spades, or clubs either; but we have got so that we don't want anything better than a gourd or a turtle shell to eat out of. Please send me a turtle shell or two, as I am needing a tray very bad. If you can do so I will take it as a great favor of you. Captain Thomas Dean has resigned his commission and gone home, and A. T. Broyles has taken his place as captain. Yours as ever,

J. W Reid.

Note.—On the 13th of October I wrote again to my wife, but there is nothing worth repeating in it. I only said to my wife that the only reason we did not fight was that the enemy was afraid of us and we of them, and that was all that kept us apart.

Camp Near Bull Run,
Prince William Co., Va., October 19th, 1861.

On Tuesday last we got orders to again pack up goods and chattels and be ready to move. We did so, and remained up all night. At daybreak, Wednesday morning, we started and got the extraordinary distance of one hundred yards, and remained there till sundown, and then commenced our march. We got within about a half mile of this place, about 10 o'clock at night, tired out and hungry Next morning, Thursday, we came on here, near Bull Run Creek, and cleaned out a place for our camp, right in the woods. Our entire brigade is here, and our whole army has fallen back from near the Potomac River, We have a large force now placed up and down this creek for sixteen miles. I think this backward movement of ours is done to try and draw the enemy from their in-

trenchments and get them on the run again (Bull Run). We are now where the battle was fought on the 18th of July last, and about five miles below Stone Bridge, where we fought on the 21st.

I am sorry to say that we are still drawing no money I have drawn none in three months. It is hard to draw blood out of a turnip. Our camp is called McLane's Ford. Direct to Manassas Junction, Va. Yours as ever,

J W Reid.

Army of Northern Virginia, McLane's Ford,
Prince William Co., Va., Nov 3, 1861.

A thousand and one reports are going the rounds now, none of which have any foundation. I shall not repeat them. One of my mess, named Wesley Hale, died at the hospital on the 27th of October last (Sunday). He had been sick several weeks. When he left camp he told me farewell, and said he never expected to see me again, and told me to tell all the boys good-bye. They were going on picket at the time. I have written to his wife of his death. She is a daughter of Ball Thomas. Night before last I was on brigade guard again. It rained all night and the wind blew tremendously hard. I never put in such a night in my life before, and pray God that I never may Two hours before day, yesterday morning, our regiment was called on to be ready to start on picket guard again by 4 o'clock. It was not time to go, but they were doubling our pickets, as they were expecting an attack from the enemy It rained so dreadfully hard that they could not cook up any rations; so they went off in the rain without a mouthful to eat. I came off of brigade guard at 10 o'clock, wet from nose whistle to heel gristle, and went to cooking for my company I got a note from my officers to send all the prisoners I could get on down to them. I cooked all I had and started it off in a wagon at 4 o'clock; the other companies did the same, there being some men left from each company I put it in sacks, and on one of the sacks tied a paper with the following lines:

"Company C, Fourth Reg. S. C. Vols.

"*To all whom it may concern:*

"I send you all that I could draw,
So eat it up and hold your jaw;
For this is all that I could get,
I don't know what you 'll say to it."

It is clear this morning, but I fear it will not remain so long. If we have to keep up this picket guard all Winter—and I guess we will—it will no doubt be the death of some of us at least.

SIX O'CLOCK P. M., SAME DAY.—Smooth and cloudy again. Told you so this morning. Now, you see, what a philosopher I am. You can tell Mr. Earle that I shall have to back out from editing a paper, as my other duties will not allow me time. My other duties will be making almanacs. I must close; it is getting dark and gloomy

Yours as ever,
J. W. REID.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
McLANE'S FORD, VA., November 10th, 1861.

Nothing important; all quiet.

You say that you made a barrel of saur kraut. I want you and Irving, between you, to try and eat your own share and mine too, if you can; it won't be much; only a peck a day, unless it is when I am sick. In that case it would take a half bushel.

I have just learned that there are ten thousand of the enemy about ninety miles from here, in Western Virginia. A brigade of five regiments of Virginians have all gone on from here to see about it. A regiment of Mississippians have also gone there; seen them start, and a more gigantic set of men I never saw. It really puzzled me to tell which one of them it was that pushed the bull off the bridge. We are now engaged throwing up breastworks; it will take eight or ten days to finish, but I believe that I could eat all the cannon balls that will ever be thrown against those works this side of next Spring; know I

could if they were yam potatoes. Some time ago we sent some of our blankets to Manassas Junction for safe keeping; had been trying for some time to get leave to go after my blankets, but could not get leave; so yesterday myself and four others got leave to flank the guard which was at the bridge and go after our blankets; so we went up the creek about one mile, pulled off our shoes and socks and waded across. Jack McKeen, who is an Irishman, pulled off his B. B. pants. The water was over knee deep and as cold as Greenland, but we got across and went on our way rejoicing. It was about five miles. We got our blankets and some other little things that we needed and started back. By this time it was raining, but through rain and mud we made our way back to Bull Run, and behold! it had risen about two feet. We did not pull off anything this time, but just took it dry so (a wet so, I should have said). I came on and put on dry clothes, and felt pretty well, considering.

Since writing the above I understand that some of the enemy have succeeded in landing somewhere between Charleston and Savannah. If so it is clearly necessary that they must be driven back, even if I have to do it myself.

I send you $10 in this letter Do with it as you think best. You know better than I do what you need.

This morning I put on the new suit of clothes you sent me, and feel as big as a dog in a meat house. I will now close. Yours as ever, J. W Reid.

Army of Northern Virginia,
Centreville, Fairfax County, Va., Nov 18, 1861.

I think I informed you in my last letter that it was rumored we were to move again. At any rate, on Monday morning last we packed up goods and chattels and came on to this place. I believe I have had occasion to speak of Centreville in some of my former letters. Some of the enemy were stationed here when our regiment and Wheat's Battalion passed within three-fourths of a mile of em in going from Camp Holcomb to Stone Bridge, on the

5th of July last, and from here a portion of our own men followed the enemy on the 21st of July, when they left behind apparently all of their army stores. I passed here on the 23d and 24th of September last in going to and coming from Gainesville, of which I have already spoken. It is one of the highest points this side of the mountains. The ground, though high, is quite level for a considerable distance on all sides. The situation is beautiful.

Men are engaged in fortifying our position, and if Abraham (or Isaac or Jacob, either,) undertakes to drive us out he will find it harder work than splitting rails. When our lines are fully established they will be about twenty-five miles long, and this is the place most likely to be attacked, as it is on the main turnpike road, the only one over which heavy artillery could be brought at this season of the year.

This is the opinion of High Private Reid. My opinion also is that there will be no attack before next spring; it is too cold.

We are now in plain view of the mountains, which are covered with snow It was snowing there the whole night night before last and all day yesterday, and it still keeps up. A stormy wind is blowing, and a colder day I never saw or want to see. It is a bad time in camp; every man is wrapped up in a blankets and hankerchiefs (or shirt-tails), tied around their jaws and ears. And this is only the beginning of winter

While sitting in my tent writing this letter my fingers are stiff with cold. My nasty cold nose keeps dropping, and the blots nearly freeze before I can wipe them off the paper Now, don't mistake me and think that my nose has actually dropped off. It is only the water dripping from it. If my nose was to drop it would stay off, and not keep on dropping.

Yesterday, while no one was in the tent, a coal of fire blew into our baggage and burnt a hole in the narrative of my broadcloth coat. It also burnt holes in several other garments unnecessary to mention.

So far as my smoked eyes can see there are nothing but tents and encampments. We are some ten miles from Manassas Junction, three miles from our old battle field

and some twenty-five miles from Washington city Last night some of our men came in with thirty prisoners and five wagons loaded with corn, together with forty muskets. They were taken somewhere between Fairfax and Fall's Church. Eight of the captured party made their escape. Among the prisoners, however, is a captain, a lieutenant and three non-commissioned officers. I will now stop until morning.

NOVEMBER 18. Nothing new Cold as ice.

I omitted in a former letter to tell you the name given our regiment As we went to Fall's Church on picket duty one night, every regiment we passed would call out: "What regiment?" When answered we were allowed to pass on. Upon one occasion when the answer was given, "The Fourth regiment, from South Carolina," some big-throated fellow hollowed out at the top of his voice, "Good God! is that the old 'Bloody Fourth,' of which there is so much talk?" We will go under that name henceforward and forever. Yours as ever, J W REID.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
CENTREVILLE, NOVEMBER 24, 1861.

Nothing new Our officers still persist in saying that we will have a fight soon, but I see no more prospect of it now than I did two months ago. My private opinion is that we will do nothing more than a little skirmishing before next spring, but then we will catch it. Gum-headed as I am, time will tell whether I am right or not. The Federal general and everybody else knows that a burnt child dreads the fire, and he and his men, too, dread their second trip to Richmond, and well they may I believe it is their intention to draw us away from our present position. I understand that they are making some feints in South Carolina. It is only done to get us away from here. They don't seem to have forecast enough to know that there are now enough men in South Carolina to defend it for the present, and if not, the women of oS uth Carolina

would help them, wouldn't they, Polly? Tell A. M. Holland to take his two boys and my boy and go down and whip the last one of them out of their boots, if they have any boots on. Perhaps he had just as well take a free nigger along to act as a reserve. Or would it be best to put the nigger in front so as to draw their attention from the whites? A nigger woman would be better.

I had to write something to you and I have done the best I could under existing circumstances.

Yours as ever, J W REID.

CENTREVILLE, VA., Nov 26, 1861.—As I am busy nearly all my time I will start a letter to-day and finish it when I have a chance. We had a big time here yesterday, and all the troops were called out and reviewed by General Beauregard. I am again on brigade guard to-day, and have come to camp for my dinner.

Reports are current here to-day that the enemy is advancing. I don't believe a word of it. We are ordered to again send off our heavy baggage. We have unanimously and with one accord not done so. If I have to loose my things at all I had about as leave loose them here as elsewhere, so my things don't go.

I said that I did not believe that the enemy were advancing. One grand reason why I don't believe it is that our advanced pickets are not driven in, which they undoubtedly would be if the enemy were advancing. They may make some people believe these reports, but I don't believe them. I also have several other reasons for disbelief—the maneuvers of our big officers don't denote it.

I will now have to stop and go back to my post.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, November 27th.—I have been relieved from brigade guard. I was relieved at 10 o'clock this morning. To-day is the worst day that we have had. It is snowing and sleeting, and is cold enough to freeze. Between you and I, I wish it was not.

Not much talk of Yankees to-day. Twenty-eight prisoners brought in to-day They won't tell us much. I have heard so much of another big fight that I believe I would rather see it than to hear of it. It is now late in the evening and has quit snowing.

THURSDAY EVENING Nov 28th—The biggest day yet. This morning at 10.30 o'clock everybody and the cook was called out, and each regiment was presented with a battle flag. General Beauregard was again present and so was everybody else. It was the grandest time we have ever had. We were told that the flags were made and sent to us by our wives, mothers and sisters, with an order from them to defend them. We will most assuredly obey that order We were drawn up in a hollow square and several speeches were made. There were several bands of music on hand, and, as each regiment filed off toward their quarters, every band struck up "Pop Goes the Weasel." I have never heard or seen such a time bebefore. The noise of the men was deafening. I felt at the time that I could whip a whole brigade of the enemy myself, but after due reflection I concluded that I couldn't.

FRIDAY NIGHT (candle light), Nov 29.—I have been throwing up breastworks all day and am very tired. I will go to bed.

SATURDAY EVENING, Nov 30.—Another big day to-day. General Johnson was present this time. We had a big muster. Our line was three-fourths of a mile long. We are to have an inspection of arms to-morrow at 10 o'clock. I hear nothing of the enemy to-day, or nothing about another fight.

There are one or more buried here every day, but then there so many of them here that there will be some of them dying quite often.

The mountains are again covered with snow, and if we have to remain in these old tents all winter it will hurt us worse than the Federal army My captain, A. T Broyles, and a man named Rochester, of my company, were sent off

to the hospital to-day There is another one too sick to be carried off. He will die. His name is Murray—a son of Mitchel Murray

I have just received a letter from the wife of Wesley Hale, who, I informed you, had died at hospital some time ago. She thanks me very much for writing to her. She requests me to still correspond with her occasionally, so that she may know how things are out here. I will do so, although I have never seen her. Yours as ever,

J. W REID.

NOTE.—I became well acquainted with Mrs. Hale after the war. She afterward married Marion Cox, both of Anderson county, S. C.

J. W. R.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
CENTREVILLE. FAIRFAX CO., VA., Dec. 12, 1861.

I again commence writing with nothing to write about.

I can say that I am still at Centreville, though General McClelland can't boast of being here. So you see I am rising in the world like smoke I can stay at a place where the greatest general of the United States army dare not come.

I have seen and heard so much since coming to Virginia that nothing less than an earthquake or forty storms combined in one can make much impression on me. If I could not sleep soundly now when there are one hundred men singing, fourteen preaching, twenty-one praying, eleven making political speeches (with unbounded applause), eight playing fiddles, twenty-seven beating drums, two hundred playing clarionets, flutes and fifes, fourteen thousand, nine hundred and twenty-eight playing cards, forty-eight wrestling, eighteen patting "jubah" and one reading his Bible; if I could not sleep and all that going on within one hundred yards of me, and at the same time raining and freezing, with a wet sheet around me and perched on a liberty pole—I say that if I could not sleep under these favorable circumstances of course I would not say that I could.

On Saturday last we again went off on picket and returned on Tuesday We saw nothing of our enemy, while I walked off a mile or so to myself several times. How strange it did seem to be alone.

There is as much rumor here as ever. Some days, if we could believe rumor we would think we would soon be in South Carolina. And perhaps on the next day, according to the same gentleman, we are going to the city of Washington, and by the next day somewhere else. By to-morrow, according to Mr. Rumor, we may be the other side of Mason and Dixon's line

It is now stated, and I believe it a fact, that we will be called upon to re-volunteer for three years, or during the war. As all that will do so will get a furlough home and $50 bounty, it is a very good bait, and one that a great many will bite at, but I don't expect to even nibble. Still, I'm in favor of the plan, as we are obliged to keep an army here or give up the ghost, and if an army is not raised in this way it will have to be done by drafting. In April my time will be out, and then I will sing, "O, carry me back, O carry me back, from Old Virginia's shore."

There were two men of Wheat's battalion shot here the other day by order of court martial. It was an awful affair It is now night and very cold. Yours as ever,

J W Reid.

Centreville, Va., Dec. 22, 1861.—There was a battle fought a few miles above here day before yesterday, in which our side was considerably worsted. One of the regiments of my brigade was in it—the Sixth regiment. They lost eighty-three men killed and wounded. Some of the regiment fared even worse than that. They are now bringing some of the dead here to bury them. I hear them playing the dead march at the cemetery Oh, how lonesome!

I have been again to-day to visit the old battlefield. I never want to see it again. I saw the stump I got behind for a while that day, thinking it might shelter me a little, but if a cannon ball had hit it, it would have torn the

stump and me, too, all to pieces, and some of them did not miss it very far. The stump is about ten inches high and nearly rotton. A drowning man will catch at a straw My whole company was lying down at the time I am speaking of. It was while we were on the hill in front of Stone Bridge.

As many as eight at a time can get furlough now to go home, but I positively don't want one when I come home. I want to remain a while. Christmas will soon be here and then the 14th of April will quickly follow I send some money in this letter Do with it as you think best.

Yours as ever J. W REID.

CENTREVILLE, VA., Dec. 24. 1861.—In your letter you say that my dog Bear has not forgotten me. I will bet you a jewsharp to a fiddlestring that if you don't mind him when I come home he will bite me, thinking I am an orangotang, and the very first words you will say will be, "Jesse, do pray shave before you—before long." My whiskers come down to—well, they come away down yonder, and I can put my moustaches over my ears. Am I not a paragon of beauty? To-day we began building log cabins for winter quarters. I wished they were finished, for last night my tent blew over and I came very near freezing to death.

No war news, and I hope there won't be soon. I will stop now till to-morrow

CHRISTMAS DAY, 3 O'CLOCK P. M.—Well, Christmas is here, and in a few hours will be where eighteen hundred others are, in the past. How often have you and my sisters, and others, perhaps, said, "I wish Jesse had some of this," when you were enjoying your little Chsistmas tricks, but never mind Jesse on such occasions; he is faring very well, considering.

In spite of Major-General Law and Gospel, most of the boys managed to get a wee drop to-day, but all has been very quiet, there being no more noise than three earth-

quakes and a cyclone, and that is nothing unusual here. For my part I have not tasted a drop. One reason for it is that the stuff is too high, being $5.00 a quart for the worst kind of "rot skull." Having drunk none myself I will miss the supreme felicity of the blues and headache.

I told you in a former letter that Captain Broyles was at the hospital, and to-day First-Lieutenant D. L. Hall was sent off. Our second lieutenant, William Jones, is also at the hospital. This leaves but one commissioned officer in the company, G. W Belcher, third lieutenant. Your nephew, William Tripp, was also sent of this morning. He will die. Before this reaches you Christmas will be over, and then you can begin to look for April and—

J. W Reid.

Note.—William Tripp died that same evening. About the time I wrote these letters and for some time afterwards there were no active operations going on. Most of them will not greatly interest the readers of to-day, so I will run over them pretty fast, until I come to more exciting times. However, I will not leave any of them out entirely, as they may contain some things of interest. I also wish to give our travels in the fall, as I have undertaken to do so. These letters may no doubt be a little dull to the reader at this time, but just follow me a while and I will raise your bristles. J. W R.

Centreville, Va., Dec. 28, 1861.—I have gotten a new tent since last I wrote you, and am much more comfortable than before. We are still working on our huts, but the weather is so bad that we are getting along rather slowly Our wagons have so much to do hauling firewood and provisions that they have but little time to haul lumber for houses, if pine poles can be called lumber We are getting the boards for covering our shanties at Stone Bridge, in a swamp. We cut the trees just before the battle, and they were felled across the road and all over the place as an obstruction to retard the enemy in their march on Richmond.

Clayton Jones, one of my company and a good friend of mine, died at the hospital on Christmas day

A man belonging to the second Georgia regiment was frozen to death the other night. He was sick and had to go out during the night, and was found frozen the next morning.

An old acquaintance of mine named Wryle, whom I knew in Newberry, died last week. He belonged to an Alabama regiment.

This thing of getting a thirty days' furlough is said to be all knocked in the head, and I am glad of it.

The hat I told you of swapping for in July last has become more holy than righteous, so yesterday I got a cap that has ear covers, and, strange as it may seem I have already had it over two (y)ears.

NIGHT.—(8 o'clock.)—A powerful cannonading going on down toward Fairfax this evening. I cannot get information as to its meaning, but if the enemy should succeed in reaching this place they will know the way back, as they traveled the same road before at a double quick on July 21st last.

Tell Irving to go to school now while he has an opportunity On the 23d of December, 1837, my father (a school teacher), was well; on the 25th he was buried. I never went to school after he died, as I had no chance to go, though I was only twelve years old. I want Irving to go all he can while he has the opportunity of going. We don't know what a day may bring forth.

Yours as ever, J W REID.

NOTE.—On the 5th of January, 1862, I wrote again to my family, but there is nothing in the letter worth repeating. We had received an oide not to write anything home concerning our whereabouts, numbers or movements in any way. To this order I paid no attention, but continued writing as I had before, as you will see. J. W. R.

CENTREVILLE, VA., Jan. 7, 1862.—Some of our men still contend that we will have a fight soon. It is the next thing to impossible, for the enemy cannot bring their artillery here while the roads are in their present condition, and

they are not likely to attack us with nothing but small arms, but if we should accidentally have a little brush you will hear of it. Yours as ever, J W REID.

CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL,
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Jan. 14, 1862.

I am at length an inmate of the hospital. On Wednesday last we were again sent on picket duty near Fairfax County, some six miles from Centreville. It rained pretty hard, and I got wet and had to remain so, as my blanket and everything I had with me was wet, with no way to dry them. On Friday I was quite unwell and at night had a severe chill with pains in my jaws and head. My head grew worse and I soon became unconscious. My throat was very sore. They said I talked all night, often calling "Polly."

I was sent back to camp on Saturday. The doctor gave me some medicine and kept my head wet with cold water and on Sunday morning I was sent on to Manassas Junction and remained there under a doctor until Monday morning, when I was sent on to this place, a distance, I suppose, of about one hundred miles. I am much better at present, though my head is still somewhat painful. I will be all right in a short time, and as soon as I am able I will go back to camp, for I do not like to be at a hospital. It sounds sickly.

I find several of our Greenville friends here. Among them are David Westfield, Wash. Richardson, Jasper Smith, James Torrant, and an acquaintance of mine from Newberry named Hunt, and many others from different places.

Soldiers are dying here every day more or less.

I am in sight of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence of the United States, and who was afterwards President of the same. I will try to visit the place before I return to camp. I will write again soon, as I know you will be anxious to hear from me. Yours as ever, J W REID.

NOTE.—I visited Monticello before I left, and also the University of Virginia and all other places of importance that I could.

I may be mistaken in the distance from Manassas to Charlottesville, as I only guessed at it. J. W. R.

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CENTREVILLE, VA., Jan. 23, 1892.—On Sunday I came on to Manassas Junction where I remained all night. When I stepped out into the street on Monday morning, lo and behold, I was up to my knees in mud. While standing there, wondering in which way I should go, who should I see but Wheeler Gilmore, just returned from home. He was as deep in the mud as I was in the mire. We managed to get together and sloshed along as best we could. I never in all my life saw such a muddy road. I remarked to Gilmore that this must be that dismal road which multitudes pursue. It had been traveled so much as to be about the consistency of mush soap. We reached here in the evening looking like ground hogs. Everything here is about as usual—all talk and nothing done, all cry and no wool. There is nothing talked of here but revolunteering and going home when our time is out. I can only speak for myself in this matter. I have now been from home nearly one year and have never applied for a furlough, nor do I intend doing so. I have always been at my post, have gone through dangers and hardships innumerable and have never grumbled. I have never had a day's rest from my toils and sufferings, and now that the time is approaching when my time will be out I shall most assuredly take advantage of it and come home, but I am well aware that I cannot content myself very long and my comrades still in service. Still, I will come if I can and take my time my time about coming back.

The weather is very bad—raining and freezing or snowing nearly all the time. We have gotten into our huts, called winter quarters. We are dreadfully crowded. I have nine men in my hut. Yours as ever, J. W REID.

CENTREVILLE, Va., Feb. 7, 1862.—We went on picket on Saturday were returned on Tuesday We had a very rough time. It snowed nearly all the time and was very cold, but we are getting so that we do not mind the weather, so the wind don t blow But the wind did blow almost a storm, though none of us froze. It is always too hot or too cold for some people, but we have gotten so that we do not mind heat or cold.

You will see that a good many of the boys are re-volunteering and coming home for thirty days. You will also see that I am not doing so. Some may think that I should, but I think differently Let those who are at home come next, and I will take turns with them.

Some of the men here are doing all they can to get others to re-volunteer, but are not doing so themselves. Human nature will show itself. The boys can and no doubt will tell you more than I can (or would) write, but you need not take what they say as Gospel facts. If you could credit all that some of them tell you, you would think that we would have suffered an ignominious defeat at Stone Bridge had they not been present. There are one or two who were not with us, but I believe they did more to win the battle than those who participated in it, or at least you would think so from hearing them talk.

Yours as ever, J. W REID.

NOTE.—I sent the above letter and some other things home by Zion Lofton, who had re-volnnteered and gotten a furlough to go home, as did also many others. J. W. R.

CENTREVILLE, VA., Feb. 16, 1862.—They are still calling upon us to re-volunteer, and some few of the men are doing so, but as the Scotchman said, they can call loud and long before they get me.

My regiment has just returned from another tour on picket. I did not go. One of my mess, named Jeff Pitts, had a spell of cramp colic the night before, and my captain got me to stay and attend to him. The captain did not have to use force to make me stay Pitts was really

badly off, and was the worst scared man I ever saw. He talked a good deal about another world he expected soon to visit, but he did not seem to think he would suffer cold there as he was here. In fact, he seemed to think he would cross the equatorial line and enter the torrid zone. He told me a great many things to tell his wife, which I doubt if he tells her the next time he sees her. Pitts is now as well as ever, and says he is going to do better from this time on, but will soon forget to until he has another spell of colic. He begs me now not to tell what he said when he thought he was going to his daddys'

I hope I can soon come home, but when I do come I will be nearly in the condition in which I came into the world, so far as pants go, but I will try to keep them patched up until then. It is well known here that I keep a large needle. Some one is continually wanting to borrow it. When I ask the question, "What do you want with it the answer invariably is, "To sew up my breeches." Of course I always let them have it, well knowing what a spectacle I would present had I no needle. Nothing more at present.

Yours as ever, J. W REID.

CENTREVILLE, VA., Mach 1, 1862.—I have just returned from another tour on picket. We were gone four days. We have had a very bad time, the snow being nearly knee deep. While on picket we got out of rations, but it was on the day that our wagons were to bring provisions from Warrenton to camp. That evening I volunteered to go to camp and bring back some rations next morning, providing someone would go with me. The officer in command then called for a volunteer from each company to go with me and get provisions for the other companies. But none would volunteer. Neither would any one go with me from my own company. By this time it was nearly night and four miles to camp. I started alone.

I went through the cold wind that evening,
None else of the regiment would go;
I followed my own tracks the next morning,
That were deeply indented in snow.

I had no road to guide me and went entirely by guess, but I finally succeeded in getting to camp, about one hour after dark, tired down and nearly frozen. I got rations for my company—hog's head and backbone. Some of the boys who had been left at camp sick, told me to lie down and let them do the cooking. I did so, and about 11 o'clock was awakened to supper I got up and ate that fresh meat with a doubly-distilled vengeance. Next morning an hour or so before day I put my provisions in a sack, threw it over my shoulder and started. After leaving the camp I had nothing to guide me except the tracks I made in the snow the night before. I reached my company just after daybreak. The boys fairly shouted over me, and the remark was made by many of them that they would never forget me. When I left camp to go for rations I had ten biscuits in my haversack, and told Willis Dickson to get them and eat them that night. When he looked for them they were gone—stolen.

There is plenty of news but none true.

The weather is the coldest I have ever seen. I have on a flannel shirt, a cotton ditto, my uniform coat, my broadcloth coat, my overcoat, and all my old breeches and am trembling as I write, but I hope my nose won't drop again. I will stop writing and try to warm.

Yours as ever, J W Reid.

Note.—Boys, you who are living, have you forgotten my trip through the snow for rations? I suppose you have not. I never shall. About the time I wrote letters everything was still. It did not remain so long, as you will see.

I wrote a few lines home March 11th, but it is of no importance.

J. W. R.

Camp Taylor, Orange County, Va., March 23d, 1862.—I cannot at present give you a full history of our travels from Centreville to this place, but will do the best I can. We left Centreville on Sunday March 9th, and that day a prisoner we had with us, said to be seventy-two years old, dropped dead as we were marching along. We had fourteen prisoners. We reached Gainesville that day, the

place we first got off the cars when we came to Virginia, and where I told you of going for my clothes. This is a march of ten miles. Next day we passed several little towns and villages, among them Buchanan, New Baltimore and Warrenton, a considerable place; march fourteen miles. Tuesday, March 11th, crossed Rappahannock river at Waterloo Factory (saw lots of girls), passed Amesville and camped; marched twenty miles. Wednesday, 12th, passed Washington village, Gaines' Cross Roads and Spearsville; marched twelve miles. Thursday we passed Woodville and Little Boston; marched eight miles. Friday and Saturday we rested on a small mountain. Sunday 16th, marched eight miles. Monday, passed Culpepper Courthouse; go eight miles Tuesday, 18th; cross Robinson river and the Rapidan by making a footway with wagons; go ten miles. Wednesday, rested. Here a man named McMahon, belonging to the Fifth South Carolina regiment, was killed by a falling tree. It was cut down for a squirrel. We remained there until Saturday, the 22d, then passed Orange Courthouse and came on to this place, four miles, so you see, we have traveled nearly a hundred miles, though between Centreville and this place the distance is not more than half that great by rail. We came by a very circuitous route on account of most of it being good hard road. It is a mountainous country, and we traveled some distance on the Blue Ridge, from which we could plainly see the Alleghany mountains. It made me think of

> Come, cheer uy pretty Polly, and go along with me,
> And a lady I will make of you in the Alleghanies.

Although this trip was gratifying to me it was attended with a good many hardships, such as hard marching, heavy baggage, and for last two or three days came through enough mud to daub every negro cabin in the Southern Confederacy We carried our knapsacks, with our clothing and blankets in them, our haversacks with our provisions and canteens of water, cartridge boxes with ammunition, our bayonet belts with bayonets in them and our muskets on our shoulders—a pretty good load.

You may suppose we had little room for bottles, yet there were some along.

Our entire army is falling back, some going by one road and some by another. The Federal army is also changing their position. I think they are going by water, but where they are moving I don't know or care. But let the enemy go where they will there we will be also. No more at present. Yours as ever, J W REID.

[The following letter is in answer to the first letter my son, W. Irving Reid, ever wrote me with his own hand. It will not be interesting, but as the advice I give may be of value to the boys of to-day I will publish it here.]

CAMP TAYLOR, ORANGE COUNTY, VA., March 27, 1862.—My Dear Son: I received your very welcome letter, inclosed in one your mother sent. I am very happy to see you can write papa a letter, and you wish me to say what I think of your handwriting. I think it will do very well considering your opportunities of going to school, but still I must say there is considerable room for improvement. Go to school and learn all you can. I have known some excellent scholors who were very poor writers. Penmanship is not education. Learn to spell well, to pronounce well and learn all you can about arithmetic. If you learn these things well you will be qualified for almost any kind of business. A fine copperplate handwriting is not always a sign of a good scholar And above all, my son, learn to conduct yourself well and to be an agreeable companion in good society and you will get through the world all right. In the first place, and the first thing for a child to do, is to obey and honor their parents, and to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. He says, and He cannot lie: "Seek Me early and ye shall find Me." He don't say "Ye may find Me," or "Ye can find Me." But thank God, he says, "Ye shall find Me."

Try to find Him as your mother has done. If I find you as good a boy as I left you I will be satisfied.

You want to know if I want to see you as bad as your

mother I will now tell you an anecdote.

Once upon a time an old negro, who had an old master and a young master, went to preaching one day When he returned his old master asked him what he thought of the sermon. He replied that the preacher had told two lies. One was that no man can serve two masters, "an' dat am a lie, kase I knows I sarve you an Mas' Jimmy bof', an' den he say he'dlove one and hate de odder, an' dat am a lie, for Goramighty knows I hate ye bof' " Now, as to your mother and you, Goramighty knows I—love you both. Let me hear from you again. Your papa,

J W Reid.

Camp Taylor, Orange County, Va., April 5, 1862.—There is a great deal of talk here about a bill now before Congress. The bill proposes to keep all the men in the army between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years of age, and, as the girl said, that lets me out. The bill also proposes to keep those under eighteen and those over thirty-five years old in the service for ninety days after their time is out, and that catches me again. I know that this bill is before Congress, for I read it myself in a Richmond paper. I guess the bill will pass, for Jeff Davis recommended it, and it seems that he is dictator, and that our Congress will pass any measure that he recommends. But of one thing I am certain, that is that we will all be kept in the servece in some way until after another big fight, if no longer, for that is the only chance of gaining our independence, if we do it at all.

If Gongress can constitutionally keep us ninety days they can just as easily keep us 600 days, or if they can force the balance to remain three years they may just as easily keep them ten years. What is the difference?

It makes me feel quite sad thus to have my fondest hopes thus blasted. South Carolina and all the other States, I presume, furnished all the troops that were called for, and when they can't do it, it will be time for us to tuck our tails and quit.

This infernal bill is called the Conscript Bill. If it passes all patriotism is dead, and the Confederacy will be dead sooner or later. Watch passing events and you will believe me. I have gotten to a point where I hardly know what to think. One day I believe we will thrash them like the devil, and perhaps by the next day I take a pessimistic view, and conclude they will thrash us out. To-day I am in the latter mood. I am beginning to have these little moods quite often and pretty badly, and am daily growing worse.

We have just been furnished with eighty rounds of cartriges to the man. That looks a little squallish, don't it? But I have become used to it. I presume there have been ten thousand rounds of cartriges thrown away since we left Centreville because we did not like to carry them. We would say they got wet. These just served us may also get wet

We have been drilling a good deal to-day.

Now let us talk about something that is nearer my heart, or nearer my back, I should say I was engaged in patching those dad rotted old breeches again the other day I could not get a patch that was precisely the same color as the pants, but so near the same thing that you would hardly notice the difference, the pants being black and the patch piece of an old white blanket. All will be one color long before this reaches you. I have two old pairs which I patch and wear, wash and tear time about. They will soon be gone forever, but I am perfectly satisfied that they will go in peace, for there is no doubt of their hol(e)iness. I have one good pair of pants left, but I am trying to save them to come home in, for if you were to see me in my old ones you might mistake me for a zebra, leopard, or something else equally outrageous.

Sunday Morning, April 6, 1862.—Nothing new. Nothing talked of but the Conscript Bill.

Yours as ever, J W Reid.

N. B.: When I write again I don't think we'll be in Camp Taylor.

CAMP NEAR LOUISA COURTHOUSE, LOUISA CO., VA., April 11, 1862.—This letter is on the last piece of paper I have, and there may not be roon for all I have to say. On Sunday morning orders reached us to proceed to Fredericksburg, on the Rapahannock river. This is partly in the direction from which the army had recently come, only a little farther south. We started just at night and marched ten miles that night and five miles next day, when the order was countermanded, and we turned back toward Richmond. We reached this place yesterday, after marching forty-two miles. We have just finished cooking two days' rations, and I reckon we will go on again, as there is no rest for the wicked. We have been in rain for two days, which has been freezing on our clothes. When or where I will finish this letter I cannot tell. I am too busy to write more.

CAMP FOUR MILES FROM RICHMOND, VA., April 14, 1862.—We left Louisa Courthouse and came on here. Nothing important occurred. As we came on here one of my company, named Eb. Stinson, was accidentally killed by the cars at Louisa Courthouse. We left on Saturday last and came eighteen miles. On Sunday we made twenty-one miles and to-day twelve miles making fifty-one miles, and nearly 200 from Centreville. Just think what a load we had to carry for two hundred miles, through sleet and snow Our whole division is here to-day

My time is out but I cannot come home. Hard times and hard fighting are still before me. Yours as ever,

J W REID.

CAMP NEAR YORKTOWN, VA., April 18, 1862.—I haven't the time or room to write much at present. The Conscript Bill has passed in Congress, keeping all men in the service between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five for three years or during the war, and all in the service who are under eighteen or over thirty-five years of age are to remain in service for ninety days, and will then be dis-

charged (they say), as you are already aware I am over thirty-five and will be discharged in July if a Yankee bullett don't discharge me sooner What I have to go through in the next ninety days the Lord only knows, if I live to go through at all.

This Conscript Act will do away with all the patriotism we have. Whenever men are forced to fight they take no personal interest in it, knowing that, let them do as well as they can, it will be said they were forced, and their bravery was not from patriotism. My private opinion is that our Confederacy is gone up, or will go soon, as the soldiers themselves will take little or no interest in it hereafter. A more oppressive law was never enacted in the most uncivilized country or by the worst of despots. Remember what I say, it will eventually be our ruin.

I suppose some of the people at home would like to give me a free ride on a rail if they knew I said this. But let me tell you that the time for riding rails barebacked is about over with. I am mad at the action of Congress and Jeff Davis, and I won,t deny it.

We have had some more pretty hard times of late. We left camp near Richmond night before last about eight o'clock and walked eight miles to the James river at Richmond, and about 2 o'clock the next morning went on board a steamer called the "West Point," and came down the river about one hundred miles, landed and marched eight miles. We are near Yorktown and there is firing going on there now We don't know at what moment we may be called upon to fight, nor do we care much.

A great deal depends upon what is done in the next ninety days. I am yet in tolerable spirits (I wish some *spirits* were in me), and as stout as a mule I can walk fifty miles a day swim the James river from bank to bank, can jump up and knock my heels together three times, and can out run or jump, whip or throw any Yankee this side of the Mason and Dixon line, or at least I feel as though I

could. So cheer up my lively lads in spite of wind or weather shall have to stop for the present.

Yours as ever, J. W Reid.

Note.—When I wrote the above I was angry because the Conscript Bill had passed Congress, and, to speak plainly, I have not yet entirely recovered my temper. I was not the only one who was angry, and it did kill patriotism. J. W R.

Camp near Yorktown, Warwick Co., Va., April 24, 1862. —Nothing new or important. We are within a hundred yards of the house where Washington had his headquarters previous to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. I have just returned from the place. It is a small, old-fashioned house, painted white. I have a canteen of water with me gotten from the spring near the house. The old ditches are to be seen here to-day, they are quite small compared with ours of to-day We are stationed between the James and York rivers, and not very far from either. The country here is very low, almost on a level with the river I dug a hole about two feet deep, out of which I get water It will undoubtedly be sickly here in summer, though I don't suppose we will be here then.

We have not been in the trenches on guard as yet, but will probably be there soon. There are a few men killed about the trenches every day

We were to-day reduced from a regiment to a battalion of five companies. A regiment has ten. My company and Captain Anderson's company were consolidated and formed one company We elected D. L. Hall, captain; William Jones, first lieutenant; Pinckney Haynie, second lieutenant, and a Mr Kay, third lieutenant. The captains are Long, Cauble, Griffin and Hawthorne. Charles Mattison is elected major of the battalion.

As the mail is about starting I will stop.

Yours as ever, J W Reid.

CAMP NEAR YORKTOWN, VA., April 30, 1862.—As there is to be an inspection of arms this morning at 10 o'clock, I will not have time to write much. I have to fix up for the occasion. News is about as it was when I wrote last—nothing talked of but fighting. It assuredly will come soon. We have taken our turn in the trenches. None of the command killed. Firing is going on continually, but no regular attack as yet.

I told you in my last letter that I had been to Washington's headquarters. Since that sime I have been to Yorktown, on the York river, one mile and a half from here. In going there I passed the spot where Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington, which ended the War of Independence. I wish McClelland would surrender to us and end this war. He undoubtedly would have it to do if we had a navy on the river below him, but as we haven't that I can't exactly say how it will turn out. McClelland has vessels on the river, so that if we ever whip them here it will be quite an easy matter for them to take to their vessels and go somewhere else. I'll bet a Jew's harp they'll have it to do before I go home in the middle of July next. Yorktown is a very old town and the York river here is very wide because of the tide water. I bought a string of fish at Yorktown the other day, the first I have had in lo, these many days. The next day I bought a shad, but had to give part of it for salt to salt the balance. Those who can't turn can't spin.

I must now fix up for inspection of arms.

I will write again when I can. We don't know what a day may bring forth, but the sooner we fight the better.

Yours as ever, J. W REID.

THIRTY MILES BELOW RICHMOND, VA., May 11, 1862.

Though many of my comrades lay cold in the field,
I am here still able my weapon to wield;
They were comrades of mine who were slain in the fight,
While I am still spared this letter to write.
I'll ne'er see them again this side of the grave,
But such is the end of the valliant and brave.
I can now see the slaughter, I can now hear the sound,
I ne'er can forget it till I'm buried in the ground.
I can still see them bleeding, I can still hear them cry,
But I hope they are now in the Mansions on High.

An unseen hand has carried me safely through another storm of balls, shells and other missiles of death and destruction and I am here to-day not only able to write, but unhurt and untouched by an enemy's weapon. Nothing less than God could have carried me safely through such an awful day, a day I never can forget. I presume you have already heard from this battle, though not from me. I know your aprehension and anxiety concerning me, but the army has been marching ever since the battle. I have had no opportunity of writing until now, and even if I had had an opportunity I could not have written for want of paper. You see this is written upon the blank pages of a memorandum book.

I will begin at the first and tell you as nearly as I can how it has been with us since I last wrote you.

All the troops about Yorktown left camp just after dark on Saturday night, and marched loiteringly all night, only getting about ten miles from camp. On Sunday, the 4th, we traveled about twelve miles. My battalion passed Williamsburg about four miles and put up for camp. The enemy was close behind our rear guard all day, and late in the evening there was a considerable skirmish with them near Williamsburg. About an hour after dark we, (that is Mattison's battalion), were sent back below Williamsburg on picket guard, after traveling all day and the night before. It was a very dark night, cloudy and drizzling rain. We nearly ran into the enemy's lines before we knew it. Three men were put at each post, with orders to stay awake all night, and for one of us to crawl out to-

ward the enemy s lines, and find out, if possible, their position. I crawled out to a fence about one hundred yards in the rear of my post two or three times through the night. I could distinctly hear them talking while at the fence, but could see nothing on account of the darkness.

Thus we passed the night of the 4th of May ; the rain descending slowly Just at daylight the enemy commenced snapping caps on their guns—to dry the tubes, I suppose. I will admit that I never felt so nervous in my life I did not feel half as badly when the battle was regularly opened. I never shall forget the bursting of those caps.

A little after daylight they appeared in large numbers and soon attacked. We held our ground as long as possible, giving them as good as they sent, until about 7 o'clock, when they came in such overwhelming numbers as to force us back on our main lines, a distance of about six hundred yards, with the loss of several of our men. I lost all my clothing and blankets. In falling back we had a slanting hill to go down and when we got to the foot of it our artillery opened fire on the enemy over our heads, This stopped them from following us. We then took a circuitous route, so as not to be in the way of the artillery, finally got around and went into the fort, near the main road to Williamsburg. While skirmishing that morning we left several men killed or wounded, who fell into the enemy s hands. While Thomas Stacks and another man were carrying off Archibald Sadler, who was wounded, the man who was helping was shot dead and a Minnie ball struck Stacks canteen and tore it all to pieces. Stacks left Sadler, and he is now in the enemy's hands. He is badly wounded A ball went through my overcoat, but did not graze the skin.

The fort into which we went is called Fort Richmond. We (Mattison s battalion) remained in the fort amid a storm of shell, cannon and musket balls until late in the evening.

The fighting was going on all this time to our right and left without a moment's intermission. The noise was deafening. The sight was sickening. A continual roaring

was going on the full length of our line. Oh, the slaughter that was made that day—the slaughter of human beings, brother against brother.

The fort, as I have said, was on the main road, and it was here that the heaviest attack was made, but the nine pieces artillery we had in the fort and the infantry backing it kept the enemy at a distance all day. Two or three times during the day they attempted to charge and drive us out of the fort, but were just as often repulsed with heavy loss. Late in the evening a brigade or two of our men came up from our right wing and engaged the enemy directly in front of us. At this juncture of affairs our battalion was taken out of the fort and ordered to storm a fort the enemy were in possession of, up to our left. We obeyed the order, and with a corporal's guard undertook to storm a fort well supplied with artillery and perhaps ten times our number of infantry to back them. We made a bold but unsuccessful effort to drive them out, and being repulsed, filed off into a strip of woods somewhat out of range of their guns. Just after this a whole brigade of our made a charge on the fort, but were driven back with considerable loss. Our battalion had also lost several men. One of my company named Gantt Milford had his leg shot off at the thigh and died in a few minutes. While we were lying flat on the ground a cannon ball struck about two feet from Willis Dickson, going under the ground, and raising him off the ground a foot or more, but not hurting him seriously. There were a great many narrow escapes.

About the time that brigade made its unsuccessful charge night came on and ended the slaughter.

We had then been marching or fighting or on guard two days and nights, and I was completely broken down. It had also been raining the greater part of the time. My clothing was wet, my body nearly frozen, and in this condition we were again ordered on guard. We were ordered to go into an empty fort and remain there as a guard. I flatly refused to go in the condition in which I was. I would have died first. I left ranks and went to a house in

Williamsburg, where I remained all night, of which I shall try to give you a description hereafter

I shall not undertake a description of the battle. A description of one is a description of all big battles. I will only remark that the firing did not cease for a moment from early dawn until dark, in fact, firing was going on in places until after dark. The losses on both sides are heavy When the battle ended each army occupied about the same position they had at the beginning. I will give you my opinion about it hereafter.

Yours as ever, J W Reid.

Note.—This man, Archibald Sadler, whom I speak of as wounded that morning, got well and came through the war safely. J. W R.

Thirty miles below Richmond, Va., May 11, 1862.—I stated in my last letter that I refused to go on guard the night after the fight. I plainly but modestly told my officer that I could not and would not go. An officer, whose name I shall not mention, told me to step out of rank and say nothing about it, and that he would say nothing. The darkness favored me in getting away unnoticed, so I gave myself the word of command "About face," deployed off in single file and made my way to Williamsburg, about half a mile away. I found the people had vacated their houses, but badly as I felt, I did not take the liberty of going into a house without leave from some one. I finally found an old negro in a kitchen cooking his supper I said, "Uncle, can I stay by your fire tonight? I'm very tired, wet and cold, and I need a little sleep." "Yas, boss, more'n welcome. I's heah by myself, sah, and will be glad of a little company If you is a Infedret so ger, come in, sah. I guess you knows how to 'have yo'self, sah." I told him that before the war I had had some faint idea of good behavior, but that under existing circumstances I hardly knew whether I could behave myself inside a house or not, as I had not been in one for a good while, and had not slept in one for more

than a year, but that at any rate I would treat him civilly. "Come in boss, I knows you's a ge'man by de way you looks an' talks. 'Spec' you'd like sump'n ter eat Take a seat by de fire, sah, an' I'll have it ready terrecly De white folks is all gone up towards Richmond, an' da tole me dat if any o' de Infedret so'gers come here to give 'em anything they wanted, sah."

I took the good old darky at his word, and was soon at a good fire drying myself and eating a snack. I lay down by the fire and got as good a night's sleep as I ever had. In the mean time five others of my command had come in, and they also remained all night. Next morning about sunrise I walked out into the yard, and behold, the town was full of the enemy, but none of them had quite gotten up to where we were. Our army was gone. I called up the other men and hastily evacuated Williamsburg. In passing the suburbs of the town we found a large quantity of clothing and blankets some of our men had left. I got as much as I wanted and went my way rejoicing. I had returned the things I borrowed from the enemy on the 21st of July last, but now I am about as well off as before the fight. Of all the mud I ever saw we trudged through it that morning. My overcoat draggled in it. It was about the consistency of fritter batter, and knee deep. There was no way of getting around it. After going about too miles we overtook the battalion, acting as rear guard as usual. We joined them and waded on. We traveled all day and until some time after night. That day Captain Hall got sick and had to stop. I stayed with him until a wagon happened along, and I got him into it. This wagon had been delayed in some way Our wagons were in front.

After we had camped that night we drew some flour, but had no way of making up dough or baking it. I made up some of it on my oil cloth and baked it in a tin plate I always carry with me. I put it up before the fire Johnny-cake fashion, and behold, it was good. Most of the men were so worn out they did not attempt to cook, but lay down and went to sleep. Just after I lay down orders came to go to the ordnance wagon, about three hundred

yards off, and draw cartridges, as the enemy were fast approaching. Not a man of my company could be stirred. I went by myself and got a hundred pound box of cartridges for my company. I might as well have brought acorns to them then. It was now about two o'clock. I then told some of the boys not to disturb me until I woke of my own accord, orders or no orders, unless the enemy were upon us, lay down and went to sleep. About 8 o'clock next morning I awoke refreshed, and in a short time resumed the march, the enemy following close in our rear.

Don't be alarmed. Yours as ever, J W REID.

CAMP TYLER, VA., May 14, 1862.—When I wrote my last letter, on the 11th, we were on the march. We continued marching day and night until we reached this place. We have had a dreadful time of it. We are near the Chickahominy river, and our camp is in sight of President Tyler's home. Tyler died in Richmond since I came to Virginia. We are not very far from Jamestown, the oldest town in the United States (*ununited* at present). I am anxious to see the place and perhaps may see it as we go on to Richmond, for I fully believe that is our objective point, or in the neighborhood of it. It was on this little river (the Chickahominy), that the Indian girl, Pocahontas, saved the life of Captain Smith, before this country was settled. Pocahontas afterwards married Captain Rolf, an Englishman, and visited England with him. But these are not the times I am writing about, or at least I should not be.

I believe that in my statement of the fight at Williamsburg I failed to state that a considerable portion of the enemy were making their way up the James and York rivers so as to cut us off from Richmond, but some of our forces at West Point and at some point on the James river, the name of which I have not learned, were keeping them back, and it was fortunate for us that they did so, for it would have been "farewell landlord, farewell Jerry" with us if they had landed. Of course we will have more fighting to do, and that soon, but I am getting like a man I once

knew in Edgefield, when speaking of the torments of the wicked after death. He was of opinion that they would get so used to the discomforts of their abode that they would cease to mind it. I have gotten so used to fighting that I do not mind it much.

I bought three pounds of manufactured tobacco last night, the best I ever saw I am chewing it now. It rained all night last night. I stuck up some sticks, put up my oil-cloth and kept myself dry. I let Rufus McLees stay with me. He is sick.

I have just this moment learned that the enemy has driven in our pickets. We shall have to fight or "skee-dadle." If we fight I will write when it is over, if living; should we do the other thing will drop you a line when we halt. I prefer the skeedadling if I could have it my way.

I hear heavy firing down toward West Point. The doctrine of Hardshellism teaches that what is to be will be. Perhaps there is truth in predestination.

I am almost bomb proof, but if is foreordained that I shall die to-day, tell your people that Jesse died at his post.

Nothing more until McClelland comes. Firing continues.

Yours as ever, J. W Reid.

Camp five miles below Richmond, Va.,
Tuesday, May 20, 1862. 2 p m.

I told you in my last letter we would either fight or skeedadle, as the enemy had driven in our pickets. Sure enough, on the next morning, the 15th, we skipped, and crossed the Chickahominy river, not far, it is said, from the spot where Pocahontas performed her act of heroism over two hundred years ago. We came on some eight or ten miles, and camped in the woods during a hard rain.

The next morning before daylight we resumed the march. We had just drawn some flour, and most of us had made dough, indulging in the anticipation of a good breakfast. I had saved a little coffee for a rainy day, and this was a day that answered that description. We had eaten

nothing the day before and the rain kept us from cooking anything that night. Just about the time our dough was ready to cook orders came for us to march, as the enemy were nearer to us than we wished them to be. That day we passed Fort Holly or Holland, and about 10 o'clock halted in an old field, and then I baked my dough, which I had brought with me. Most of the boys had thrown theirs away. I used my tin plate again, made some coffee and fared sumptuously eating like a half-starved Bengal tiger. We came on that day to Laurel church. Nothing worthy of note occurred while there, except that one of our boys was made to mark time on the steps of the church for a turn of two hours for shooting at a squirrel (which he missed), it being against orders to fire a gun at that time. It was ludicrous to see him at it, but I felt truly sorry for him.

We left Laurel church and came to this place, a distance of one and a half miles. We are not far from Drurey's bluff, on the James river, and but a short distance from Richmond. There is trouble ahead of us, and we can't tell what a day may bring forth. Try to keep in good spirits and I will do the same. Yours as ever,

J. W. Reid.

Richmond, Va., May 29, 1862.—We left camp near Drurey's bluff on the 27th and came on this place. We are now almost in the city of Richmond on the side next to the York river. A fight was looked for yesterday but it has not come off as yet, though hourly expected. There is heavy skirmishing going on nearly all the time in plain hearing of me. The enemy is said to be in possession of Hanover Station, a few miles above here. A general engagement, such as has never been in modern times is imminent. Both armies are very large, the enemy's forces being the largest. But we have great confidence in our generals, and in ourselves, too. I think we will most assuredly drive them back, but it will cost us something. More men will be engaged in this battle, should it open,

than has ever been before in modern warfare, the great armies of Napoleon not excepted. A battle with ten or twenty thousand men engaged is called a skirmish. We read and boast of the great battles fought by Washington and others. Washington never had more than fifteen or twenty thousand men with him at any one time, and never fought as big a battle as that of Williamsburg, the other day, and that was a skirmish compared to the one now pending.

The armies will be counted by hundreds of thousands. I apprehend that before this letter ends there will be more men killed than Washington or Lord Cornwallis had in their combined armies.

I see but little in the papers about our fight at Williamsburg. I suppose the reason is that we fell back from our position. Now, the reason for our doing so is very plain to me. I think it was not because we were worsted in the fight, but that the enemy were trying to force their way up the rivers to cut us off from Richmond. And again, I believe our generals were falling back on Richmond in order to shorten our lines. A good piece of generalship it was, too, though I have no doubt it will be currently reported we were whipped. I am not whipped yet. I think we'll change this tune if the engagement takes place. The enemy cannot get above us on the river. To do so they will be obliged to go by land, and if they do that they will encounter a Stonewall they cannot scale. It is Stonewall Jackson, who is harder to manage than granite rock.

I forgot to mention that we drove the enemy back from Drurey s Bluff, badly damaged, as well as from West Point.

I have just gotten information that Stonewall Jackson has administered another flogging to the enemy. Hurrah for Jackson! And report says that he took four thous prisoners. Another report says twenty-eight hundred. I split the difference and say three thousand, and risk stretching my blanket, but I suppose he did take one full regiment of infantry, which was from Maryland, and a regiment of cavalry from—(confound the name of the

place, I am so forgetful)—anyhow, they are from Europe. I know this much is true, for they have just been brought to Richmond as prisoners of war. The latest news I heard from Jackson was that he was playing the devil with the enemy at Harper's Ferry It is thought Jackson will see Washington City by the time Lincoln sees Richmond, Va. It is also said that Jackson has possession of a portion of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

No more news at present, but there will undoubtedly be some for me or some one else to tell before long. Keep cool. Yours as ever, J W REID.

NOTE.—In all of my letters I gave the names of our neighbors, stating who were well, who sick, etc. Among them were Bird Philips, James and Willis Dickinson, E. Herring, Thomas Stacks, Samuel Couch, Jim Lofton, R. Jefferson, S. and W. Harlan, Sandy Earle, Matthew Parker, Tyler Mochat, William Jones, D. L. Hall and others. J. W. R.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, VA., June 2, 1862.

The sulphur and smoke o'ershadowed the earth,
And the cannon they did rattle,
And many brave men lie cold in the earth,
Who were slain in Seven Pines battle.

Though the earth has again trembled with the boom of cannon and the atmosphere been darkened by dust and smoke, I am still here, and, strange to say, am unhurt.

To begin at the first, I will say that on the night of the 30th of May a tremendous rain fell, and it was reasonable to suppose that the Chickahominy would be very much swollen, and as it was understood that a division or two of the enemy were on this side of the river, it was also very reasonable to suppose that they could not recross to the other side in the swollen condition of the stream. Neither was it probable that they could be reinforced from the other side. This, I believe, is the reason the attack was made by General Johnson. (This, you understand, is merely a supposition, but I think it very reasonable.) Let the causes have been what they may, the attack was made, the results of which I will endeavor to describe.

As I have said, a tremendous rain fell on the night of the 30th, and we found it impossible to cook anything for supper. I can say for my part that I was wolfishly hungry in consequence. Indeed, I could not sleep comfortably with an empty stomach, and got up about two o'clock, made a fire and put some peas on to cook. The peas were so black they would have made good ink. About the time they were pretty well done I heard the familiar sound of the long role beating at General Longstreet's headquarters, and in a few minutes it was beating at the headquarters of the different brigades and regiments. I knew what was up. I called some of the boys and told them what was going on. Just then that awful, solemn role that has called so many of them to gory beds, took up the peal and thundered in midnight gloom from our own camp. The sound of galoping hoofs resounded on all sides as couriers dashed away with orders to the different headquarters. I felt a little lonesome when the long role beat from our headquarters. In a short time all hands and the cook (myself, on this occasion), were up and getting on equipments. The order came to be ready to march at daybreak.

Everything was in confusion and uproar, but notwithstanding this I ate my peas and felt ready for anything.

Early in the morning of the 31st of May all was in readiness. The wagons were brought and orders given that one man from each company should be detailed to remain and see that everything was loaded. The wagons were to remain until further orders. I was detailed from my company. I saw that everything was loaded. As I have said the wagons were to remain at camp, for no one knew how the battle would end. I thought I did but I did not. So my command took up the line of march and left me in camp.

After the loading was finished, being under no orders, we would have been excusbble in remaining, but not careing to stay out of a fight simply because I could do so, I determined to go on and risk my chances with the balance. Accordingly, about 8 o'clock, Wheeler Gilmore (who

was detailed from another company), and myself started alone to overtake our command. We came up with our battalion in an old field, where they were leaving all the baggage they had brought with them, preparatory to going into action. The firing had already commenced but a few hundred yards in our front. We joined our decimated company, and went on to receive at the very first the deadliest fire any company of men ever received.

Remember hereafter that when I speak of our command I mean Mattison's battalion, which is now a mere corporal's guard.

We marched through a pine thicket, along a big road, and then through an old field, and right in front of us was a battery of nine cannon, supported by a considerable force of infantry They were but a few hundred yards in advance of us, and immediately opened fire. Our numbers being so small we made a flank movement to our left, making for a thick piece of woods that was but a short distance away, as we thought we would be sheltered from the storm of ball and shell which played havoc in our ranks.

We were every moment expecting reinforcements. I knew they would come to our assistance soon, for I had passed them on the road.

When we had gotten within thirty yards of the woods a large force of the enemy, who were hidden in the underbrush, raised up as though springing out of the ground, and poured among us the most destructive fire we have yet experienced. Of my own company of ten or twelve men George Driver was shot in the mouth and killed; Judd McLees, killed, shot in the head; Wheeler Gilmore mortally wounded, besides several others more or less injured. Elijah Herring was slightly wounded and fatally scared. Of the battalion Major Mattison was wounded, Captain Griffin killed, Adjutant S. S. Crittendon wounded, both the Harlans wounded, and so many others killed and wounded that I cannot at present give their names.

All this was done in less than ten minutes. When Major Mattison fell some one called out "Retreat." My Captain, D. L. Hall, and about ten others of my company

were all there were left of us. The other companies of the battalion, what was left of them, remained, and we did what shooting we could while laying on the ground amongst our dead and wounded comrades.

It was but a short time before the expected reinforcement joined us, when we drove the enemy out of the woods with considerable loss on their side.

By this side the fighting became hot on both sides and in the centre, Longstreet's position, as usual.

I cannot convey an idea of the terrors of the next few hours. As I said at the beginning of this letter,

> The sulphur and smoke o'ershadowed the earth,
> And the cannon they did rattle.

We in the centre kept driving the enemy back slowly until they got to their camp, where they made a bold stand, but they could not stand the Southern charge. They finally gave way and left all their camp equipage behind them. We followed them about a mile further, when night came on and the slaughter ceased. We got a good many cannon and small arms and a great many other things unnecessary to mention. We took between five hundred and one thousand prisoners, I am not certain of the exact number.

Honesty compels me to say that the wings of the Federal army did not give back as did the centre, and that threw us into a crescent or horse shoe position, being in advance of both wings of the Federal army, and on that account alone. We came back that night to where the fight commenced.

There was some firing on the Federal wings that night and a few shots next morning, but the great fight of Seven Pines was ended.

General Johnston is badly wounded. I don't know as yet who will succeed him, but it is said that it will be R. E. Lee, of Virginia. I know but little about him. They say he is a good general, but I doubt his being better than Johnston or Longstreet.

This is the first fight we have had that our side made the attack, and if this is a victory I never want to be in a battle that is not a victory

We got a great many provisions of all kinds in their camps—bacon, flour, sugar, coffee (already ground and sweetened, and almost every other kind of dainty, besides several barrels of whiskey, one of which had a bullet hole in it, from which several of the men filled their canteens. My old friend J J Pitts, when he had gotten himself and his canteen both full, thought himself as rich as John Jacob Astor

Among other things I got, and by the way, not before I needed it, was a hat, new for me, but somewhat frazzled by its original owner. It fit me to a fraction.

Remember that, although this was a terrible fight, yet it is by no means the great, decisive battle we have been expecting. It is yet to come and assuredly will take place.

Yours as ever, J W TEID.

NOTE.—My friend Wheeler Gilmore, who went with me that morning, was mortally wounded at the beginning of the fight and died in a few days. J. W. R.

NEAR RICHMOND, VA., June 3, 1862.—I have only time to write a few hurried lines. We are ordered to fix up to move. This thing of fixing up has pretty well played out with us, as we have gotten to a point where we have nothing left to fix. I can be in readiness at any time in five minutes. After receiving the order we may not go to-day, but if we don't it is quite evident we will go soon. We won't go very far, for I don't think we will evacuate Richmond and go farther south. We can't go far the other way, for there is a crowd out there that won't let us pass without the countersign. (I mean McClelland and his army.) We may not go far, but in all probability it will be a rough road to travel.

I understand the enemy is landing below here in large numbers. Hard times ahead of us.

Mr. J J. Land is at Richmond sick. He has sent for me but I cannot get off.

I will now have to stop writing and do what little fixing I have to do and be ready for the word. I will write a line as often as I can. I know you feel anxious about me at these trying times. I have still some cheerfulness, notwithstanding the threatening storm. This storm will surely come, and it will be accompanied by heavy thunder. Try to be cheerful. Yours as ever, J. W REID.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, VA., June 7, 1862.—Well knowing your anxiety for me, I will drop you a line as often as I have the opportunity. Though surrounded by war, pestilence and dangers seen and unseen I am still untouched and enjoying good health. How thankful I feel for the almost miraculous escape of all these threatening dangers.

As stated in my letter of the 3d, our army expected to move and this has been done. We are near Seven Pines battlefield, about three miles from Richmond. It has been raining almost ever since our coming, and we had to take it as it came, having no other clothing except that on our backs. Bird Phillips brought our blankets in a wagon from the old camp. We are waiting for the ball to open. The fight is certainly coming on, and it is the opinion both of my superiors and inferiors that it will take at least three days to decide it, and if this should be so I almost envy the ticklish position occupied on one occasion by Jonah of old.

To make it worse for us there is a great deal of sickness in our army, and soldiers are dying at the hospital almost daily. A man of my company, Rufus McLees, died at Richmond on last Wednesday He is the man I took under my oilcloth one rainy night during the march from Yorktown. His brother was killed at Seven Pines the other day. They were good boys, the sons of Jeff McLees, and well liked in the company.

Five of my company were carried to the hospital yester

day namely, Warren McGee, J J Pitts, John Gordon, Jim Lofton and Elijah Herring. Herring says a cannon ball struck his musket at Seven Pines, and gave him a jar he has not yet recovered from. If a cannon ball had struck his gun it would have jarred his soul out of his body

Mr Land and Wheeler Gilmore send for me to go to Richmond. I cannot go. John McClinton is with Gilmore.

No more news at present. Yours as ever,

J W Reid.

Note.—McClinton remained with Gilmore until his death.

Camp near Richmond, Va., Sunday, June 15, 1862.—All cry and no wool, all talk and no fight. It really seems to me that McClelland as well as some of our own generals had better handle the spade than the sword. Both sides are ditching every day I think if we had fewer ditches and more Stonewalls it would be better for us, though I'd rather dig ditches than to fight in them. I don't see the sense of piling up earth to keep us apart. If we don't get at each other sometime, when will the war end ? My plan would be to quit ditching and go to fighting.

There will be no pleasure here or at home until the war closes. More than this, the longer it lasts the larger the war debt will be, the less able and the fewer of us there will be to pay it.

The enemy is down in the river swamps, but I don't think they will remain there long on account of sickness. There is a great deal of it in both armies. We have, it is said, about thirty thousand men at the various hospitals. About one-third of my company is sick. This is the condition of the other companies, indeed, or the entire army Can I be blamed for wanting to fight and end the matter?

I am quite well but for the fact that my shoe has rubbed by heel until it is blistered and I have to wear a slipshod. My heel has risen and is quite sore. I am excused from duty on account of it, but if a fight comes up I will go into

it and let my heels take care of themselves—unless it turns out that my heels have to take care of me.

MONDAY MORNING, June 16.—Nothing very important. Day before yesterday evening General J E. B. Stuart, of the cavalry, made a reconnoitre in the rear of the enemy He took about one hundred and fifty prisoners and about two hundred horses and mules and a great many other things, besides burning a train of three hundred wagons. It is not known how many of the enemy were killed, but his own loss is enormous, it being one man killed and two wounded. The enemy has had Stuart surrounded three times, but he has always cut his way out.

We were drawn out in line of battle yesterday, stacked arms and were told to hold ourselves in readiness at a moment's warning. That order is still in force. We had another heavy rain yesterday, and that may stop active operations for a day or two.

I hear considerable firing down toward the Chickahominy Perhaps it is only a picket fight, as they are quite common.

I don't apprehend a general engagement at present. There is not enough stir going on for that. I can tell pretty well when a battle is brewing by the stir that is made. There will be none to-day

Yours as ever, J W REID.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, VA., June 22, 1862.—No very alarming news. There is more or less firing going on all the time along the line. There is not a great deal of damage done, however.

Day before yesterday a heavy firing was going on for several hours over toward Seven Pines. Orders were expected every moment for us to march, but no orders came. I asked leave of my officers to go and see what it meant. They gave me permission to go, and a caution to look out for No. 1. In fact, the officers were as anxious to know what was going on as I was.

I went about three-fourths of a mile and met a Colonel —Somebody—wounded. I asked him if he thought a general engagement was likely to come on. He said, "No; it is only a picket fight, but I am painfully wounded." I went a little further, but saw so many being carried off wounded that I concluded it best to return to the command, where I described what I had seen and heard. All were interested and crowded around me, evidently appreciating what I had done.

It was curious to see that the lame walked, and the sick were suddenly and miraculously made well as soon as I reported it not a general engagement. It is well known that heavy firing will create alarming symptoms in dysentery and other complaints.

Perhaps it would be interesting to know the current prices here for some articles in general use. Coffee is $2 per pound; sugar, 50 cents; molases, per quart, $1; chickens (the size of a robin), $1 apiece; eggs, per dozen, $1; butter (some of it old enough to stand alone for its rights), $1.25; little fruit pies the size of the palm of my hand, 25 cents. I could at this moment eat $5 worth of them. If J J. Astor had to feed me on these dainties for twelve months at the present price, he would be bankrupt.

Yesterday I bought a loaf of bread for twenty-five cents, but it was hollow, and, though as big as my head, would not have weighed two ounces. I gave part of it to John McClinton and Warren McGee, because they were sick. Then Tom —— came to me with a long face and said: "Mr. Reid, I feel dreadful bad to-day, and I wish, if you please, you would give me a piece of that 'pone.'" He really looked as though he had come from the valley and shadows of death. I said, "Tom, you old hog, go to my haversack and get it all. He accordingly went and took about half. There was nothing the matter with him, though he can look like a ghost whenever he chooses.

Mrs. Land sent me word she would kill a goat when Joe and I got home, and as Joe can't come she can kill half of one for me and the other half when Joe does come

MONDAY MORNING, June 23d.—A good deal of stirring this morning. Before this reaches you the ball may be opened. If so, I will send you a line as often as I have the opportunity I feel confident from personal observation that the decisive moment has arrived. In a few days how many of us may be in eternity who are alive and well to-day Who will it be? God alone knows. May the God of Abraham and Isaac, the God of Jacob and of all mankind, be with you and with us all. Take anything that happens as easily as you can.

Yours as ever, J. W REID.

ON A HALT, NEAR RICHMOND, VA., June 26, 1862.—In my last letter I said that a battle was coming on. This morning at an early hour our entire army was in motion, some going in one direction, some in another Longstreet's division, to which I belong, marched some six or seven miles, toward the upper part of Richmond, and halted about two miles from the city, where it still remains, awaiting orders.

It is about a mile to the Chickahominy, and the entire Federal army of about 200,000 men, are on the other side of the river.

We have a large army, which is being placed in position. There are some troops a little in advance of us, but I suppose our body will soon join them. We expect every moment to hear from them. Will await further operations.

FOUR O'CLOCK P. M.—A circular has just been read to us announcing that Stonewall Jackson is in the rear of the enemy's right wing. I have just heard General Anderson say that he did not know why the attack had not been made, as the time appointed for it had passed.

LATER.—Thank God, I hear the roar of Jackson's artillery That he is there is an indisputable fact, the evidence of which is a heavy cannonading.

A FEW MINUTES LATER.—Firing has commenced just in our front, said to be from Hill's division.

We are ordered to prepare for action. Marching orders! We march to the front. Good-bye. J. W REID.

BATTLEFIELD NEAR MECHANICSVILLE, VA.,
3 o'clock P. M., June 27, 1862.

We were ordered to the front, the firing still going on in advance of us, and over in the direction of York river, where Jackson opened the fight. The York river is still further on, rather to the left of our front.

By the time we reached the Chickahominy river (a creek up here), it was night, and very dark. We were halted about the time I reached the middle of the bridge by which we crossed the stream. We remained standing for some time, when orders came to rest where we were until further orders, for us to remain with our equipments on and arms in hand.

I made my way over the bridge and lay down on a beautiful sand bar by the river. I fell asleep, and for a time forgot I was a soldier on a battle field. Very early in the morning I was aroused by the familiar boom of cannon and rattle of musketry I was nearly frozen, for the damp sand had chilled me through.

We took up the line of march, and were soon engaged.

All day the fight has been going on along our lines.

Jackson is still in the direction of the York river, from which he is trying to keep the enemy, who have gradually given back, but they have disputed every inch of the ground. The place where we commenced is called Mechanicsville.

I cannot convey an idea of the awful confusion and strife going on at this moment. Marching orders.

SIX O'CLOCK P M.—Still among the living, though I am here only through the blessing of the great God.

We have gone through an awful day

Many of my companions in arms are killed and wounded

and I am now among the living aud the dead writing these lines to you. I hope we are halted for the night. I cannot give a list of the killed and wounded among your acquaintances. But what you desire most to know is, is Jesse alive? He answers "Yes."

BATTLEFIELD, 2 O'clock, P. M., June 28.—Still among the living, though surrounded by dead. To-day it seems that if Vesuvius and Ætna were in eruption with their awful rumbling and belching out burning lava streams of death and destruction it could not exceed the uproar and terrors which transpired here since the battle opened this morning.

I shall not attempt a description. Four hundred thousand men engaged in the work of extermination; the noise of the battle, the cries of the wounded, the groans of the dying cannot be described on paper. And all this is going on around me.

Our command is resting a little. I presume that every ambulance in the army is flying to and fro carrying the wounded to Richmond. Then many from the city are helping in the same work, and are removing the suffering at this moment. Many brave men have fallen to-day. The gaping, bleeding wounds of the wounded and dying are pitiful, but not more heartrending than will be the agony of breaking hearts at home.

Marching orders. Hope for the best.

JUST BEFORE SUNSET.—We are slowly but surely driving the enemy before us, but it is costing us a great deal to do so. They give back in good order and often turn on us and give us as good as we send. We are now several miles below Mechanicsville, at which place the ball opened.

I don't know under what name these several battles will be know; it should be, Legion! For they are many in number and the end is not yet.

As it is now nearly dark I shall have to close this letter. I will send it by wagon to Richmond. I will commence another to-morrow, if spared. Captain Hall says I am bullet proof. I hope it may be so. Be cheerful.

Yours as ever, J. W. REID.

BATTLEFIELD BELOW RICHMOND, June 29, 1862.—Still alive to tell of the state of affairs among us. To give a description of the fighting now going on would be a repetition of what I have previously written. Each day is an echo of the one preceding it. Death and destruction on all sides and no cessation of hostilities.

We march and fight all day and sleep on our arms at night. The enemy is slowly giving back and we are getting them down into the peninsular, where the rivers are not so far apart. It is said that Jackson is keeping them from the York river. Their only chance that I can see is to take to their boats on the James river, which I suppose they will soon be compelled to do. If we had a navy on the river we would get them about the same place Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington.

We march again.

JUNE 30TH.—Still marching and fighting. The earth is fairly shaking and the heavens are darkened with smoke.

When, O, when will it end?

There is no firing immediately in our front just now, but I am momentarily expecting it. It cannot last much longer, but alas, the lives that will be lost before the close.

McClelland will soon have to surrender or take water. Marching orders.

JULY 1ST.—Longstreet's division has sustained such heavy losses in this protracted struggle that they are not doing much fighting.

The enemy are still falling back in good order, fighting as they go. They undoubtedly cannot hold out much longer

It is now getting dark and dismal. I will lie down among the dead and wounded and get what rest I can.

Yours as ever, J W REID.

JULY 2D, 5 O'clock P M.

Now the rage of battle ended.
And the foe for mercy call,
Death no more in smoke and thunder
Rides upon the vengeful ball.

The greatest battle of the age is over and I am spared to write you. The enemy have made, it is thought, their last but boldest stand. It was the most obstinate and terrible battle yet fought. There are hundreds of dead bodies all over the field. At one place where the enemy had a battery there are hundreds of dead bodies on a plot of ground no larger than a small garden. When the charge was made on this battery the enemy poured a very destructive fire of grape and canister among us, killing a great many. No stop; the charge was made, the battery taken, the enemy dispersed. Hundreds of them were killed in trying to make their escape.

It is thought the fight is over The enemy have taken shelter in some white oak swamps, and I think by morning they will be in their vessels homeward bound.

Mattison's battalion has lost in killed and wounded about half of what few men we had at the beginning of the fight. To have seen the glorious old Fourth regiment one year ago, and to see it now, one would naturally cry out, "O, cruel, cruel war, what mischief thou hast done! Farewell, Fourth regiment; farewell, Mattison's battalion!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Mr. Phillips is safe, with the wagons. Joe Land was alive yesterday; Willis Dixon unhurt; Riley Burress killed; Silas Crow killed; Thomas Stacks wounded; Lieutenant S. P Haynie, mortally wounded; Sam Couch wounded; James Lofton, badly wounded; James Skelton, wounded in the head, and will die; Matthew Cox and both the Winter boys wounded I cannot give the names of all our neighbors and friends who are killed or wounded. Their names are Legion, for they are many.

Let this letter be read to all the neighbors. I will close in the morning.

JULY 3D, 7 O'CLOCK A. M.—I have a chance of sending this letter forward for we are twenty-five miles below Richmond, and the enemy is out of our way I don't think you need be at all uneasy about my being in another fight before my time is out again. I think what we have just gone through will satisfy all parties concerned, at least for a while.

I feel both happy and sad. Happy because I am safe, but sad and sorrowful that so many of my companions are dead whom I have known for a long time. I grieve that Mattison's battalion is no more.

Yours as ever, J. W REID.

NOTE.—Among the wounded men who died of their wounds were S. P. Haynie, James Skelton, John Manning, Robert McClinton and many others of my acquaintance. J. W. R.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, VA., July 11, 1862.—After I had finished my letter of the 3d there was little more done. We followed the enemy a mile or two further but no stand was made after the bold stand of which I have already told you. They had taken to their vessels and departed, leaving thousands of their army on the field. Our army has also lost thousands, among the number brave Major Wheat, a gallant soldier. He was wounded in the chest, and as he fell, mortally wounded, he cried out, "Bury me on the field, boys." We complied with his request, and buried him where he fell.

I cannot give you a list of killed and wounded among our acquaintances. It would take several sheets of foolscap paper. For about twenty-five miles the ground is literally strewn with dead bodies. When or where has it ever been equalled? Certainly not in any of Napoelon Bonaparte's great battles.

After following the enemy as far as we thought necessary, and waiting until we were certain they had gone, ascertaining that fact, we began on the 8th our march back toward Richmond. We got back to our old camp yesterday and are occupying the same ground we did before the battle began.

A sadness pervades the army. How many of our brave comrades, who left this place to the call of battle, have gone to a bourne from whence none return. When I think of the heartrending wailing of the mothers, widows and orphans at home a tear unconsciously trickles down my cheek. Everything here is as still as a grave yard. Not one amongst us but has lost a dear relative or friend in this great struggle. There has been such noise and confusion of late that the stillness reminds me of a cotton factory when it suddenly shuts down. Still, still as death. The weight of dreadful silence is almost as terrorizing as the battle itself.

A great many of our wounded are dying, as are men daily dying from sickness also. I can truthfully say that this is a time that tries men's souls.

I said in a former letter, "Farewell, Fourth regiment, farewell, Mattison's battalion." I must also add, "Farewell, Wheat's battalion." It has been with us so long and in so many dark places. It is gone like our own glorious old Fourth. What few there are left of both battalions will hereafter go into other commands. In fact we were attached to another regiment during the fight just ended.

And now, in a few days, if justice is done, I will bid farewell to my comrades in arms (except the few who are to come with me), and come home to those who are still dearer to my heart than the comrades I will leave behind, than those who have staid with me through scenes I can not describe.

This is the last letter I will send you from Northern Virginia, if all things work as they should, and I think there is no doubt of their doing so.

I forgot to mention that General R. E. Lee was in comwas during the reign of terror just past. He is all is all right. He led us to victory He is a chip of the old block or blocks, Richard Henry Lee and "Lighthorse" Harry Lee, of Revolutionary days.

I know of but one bad move made by any of our officers, and that was by a Colonel, whose name I shall not mention, who, in making a charge, took his men up in column

by companies or divisions, that is, one company behind another, when they should have been scattered as much as possible. They were torn all to pieces. It was not from a want of bravery on the part of the Colonel, but of good tactics

I will new close this long letter. I remain yours as ever, J W REID.

NOTE.—The letter dated July 11, 1862, was the last one I wrote before going home. After finishing my letter I began making preparations. We had our discharges written and signed by the officers of the battalion, and they were then sent up to General Jenkins for his signature. They remained there a day or two after our time was out. None of our officers would go up to see about our discharges. Finally, all met who were going home, and it was put upon me to go to General Jenkins and ascertain, if possible, the cause of delay. I went, and he said that he had never seen our discharges, but that he would sign them on sight. We hunted among a quantity of other papers and finally found them. He immediately signed all of them but one. If I had not gone to him I cannot say how it would have been. Whoever had taken them there had laid them or thrown them down, and had not seen the general at all. The next morning I gave my comrades a sad farewell, and

I left the lines and tented field
Where long I'd been a lodger;
My humble knapsack all my wealth,
A poor but honest soldier.

In Richmond they would not recognize our discharges, because, they said, the discharges were not rightly signed. It was a long time before the authorities would tell us in what the orders were wrong. At length we were told that where General Jenkins had said, "By order of," he should have said "Approved by." I immediately wrote a note to General Jenkins and sent it backa by Jmes Dickinson, informing him of his mistake. When Dickinson got to camp the General was not present, but Colonel Moore was acting in his place. He fixed them all right, and also signed the one that Jenkins had refused, not knowing it had been refused. It was late in the following day when Dickinson returned. When he did return the man whose Discharge Jenkins had refused to sign was with him, and he was the happiest man outside of Paradise. There had been a misunderstanding as to his age. He told us he was truly glad the General had signed our discharges wrong. So we were delayed in Richmond two days but finally got off on the 16th, and on the 18th, late in the night, I reached home.

Ah, the joy, the inexpressible joy of that moment can better be imagined than described. Little did I think then that I would soon be on the Virginia battlefield again, but such was nevertheless the case, as you will hereafter see. On Old Virginia soil you shall hear of me again. J. W R.

CHAPTER I.

When the infernal Conscript Act was amended, taking in all those under forty-five years of age, then it was that I could truthfully sing, "O, carry me back, O, carry me back to Old Virginia's shore." But before entering into an account of my services as an engineer, I will remark that I cannot give the exact dates of passing events as I did when in the Fourth regiment, as my letters of this period cannot be found. In 1863, when it became evident that I would have to face the music again, I put it off as long as possible, and, when I saw that I could stay at home no longer, I put on my equipments and ordered a forward march in single file, guide right.

At this time there was a regiment at Charleston, S. C., composed of the grand daddies of the State, in the State service, taken in for six months. At this time there was one of these antedeluvians at home on a furlough, who made a bargain with my son, W Irving Reid, then about fifteen years old, to go to Charleston in his place, so it happened that we both left home at the same time.

I will not attempt a description of the heartrending scene at our separation. The father and son, the only child, start to war at the same time. Ye matrons, remember what the women of those times endured. My own dear companion gave up her husband and her only child, all that she held dear upon earth, and was left alone. Remember those trying times, remember the women's fortitude.

It was my intention, when I left home of again joining Longstreet's command, who at this time was in command of an entire army corps. It was my intention to go into the Sixteenth South Carolina regiment, in which I had a great many friends. It was made up mostly from Greenville county, and was commanded by Colonel James McCullough, with whom I am well acquainted. I had mus-

tered often with the regiment at Toney's old field, near Fork Shoals, in Greenville county. When I reached Columbia I was informed that the whereabouts of Longstreet was unknown, and that I would have to remain at the camp of instruction (destruction, the boys called it), until Longstreet could be heard from. Accordingly, I went on to the camp after night, my son going with me. I was soon enrolled as a member of the camp of instruction, and it took all the oratory I could command to keep them from enrolling Irving also. I told them I would send him back home before they should enroll his name there. They asked me if I was willing to swear that he was under the conscript age. I told them I was willing to swear to it, and I am not certain but what I did sware a little, though not on Holy writ. Next morning I saw him off for Charleston. Conjecture my feelings, ye fathers in Israel, when I saw the last tie upon earth (except those I had already left), leave me to go to one portion of the war and I to another. One thing I well knew, that notwithstanding he was nothing but a boy, he was as brave as Cæsar, and that his heart was about the biggest thing about him. The only thing I dreaded in him was insubordination, for he always wanted his own way.

When the cars sped away with my only child, bound for the scenes of conflict, my feelings cannot be described on paper. I did not expect at that time to see him again on earth. The sequel will show that I was mistaken.

As I walked back through Columbia, who should I meet, right opposite the State house, but Major Mattison, whose wound, received at Seven Pines, was partially well. He was now a member of the legislature. We talked over old times for a while and then separated, he for the State house and I for the camp of instruction.

I will state for the information of those who have no knowledge of this institution, that this camp of instruction (although, for my life I can't see what instruction was given there), was where all the men of the State subject to conscription were sent previous to going into the army. Most of these men had never been in service, and to say

the truth, the greater part were unfit for it. The lame, the halt, the blind were taken there and examined by doctors, some of whom could not have told what was the matter with a man broken out with measles, and if a person could walk a dozen steps without falling or fainting they were pronounced able for duty Sometimes it would be for light duty, but I have never yet found what light duty is to a common soldier. Light places there are, but not for a private soldier. In all my knowledge of military duty, military tactics and army regulations, I have failed yet to find light duty for a private soldier.

CHAPTER II.

At the time of which I am speaking, the men carried to the camp of instruction were allowed to go into any part of the army they chose, and that being the case, there were recruiting officers there from all parts and all branches of the service. Those who did not go with the recruiting officer were sent to whatever part of the service they were thought to be needed the most, under a guard, and for that reason most of the men would join a recruiting officer rather than be sent off under a guard. A day or two after I got to camp Lieutenant R. P C. Rumbough, a recruiting officer for the First Regiment of Engineers, came to camp trying to get recruits. He came several times (his office was in Columbia), but got no recruits, the men as a general thing not knowing anything of that kind of service. One day when Rumbough was absent I told several of the men the duties of the engineer troop, and told them I thought it a good place. By my recommendation of the service, several of the men concluded to join the engineers. When Rumbough came back to camp. I informed him of what I had done. He then gave me power of attorney to recruit for him. From this time on I was king of the camp of instruction. It was soon known all over camp that I had heard it thunder. I could frequently overhear such remarks as, "He war in the big Ma-

nassy fight under Stonewall Thompson." "No, he told me," says another, "outen his own mouth that he fit under old Bonyguard," "And I understand," said another, "that he was with Washington at Williamsburg," "Yes, and he was with Bonyparte at the battle of Seven Long Leaf Pines," but to clap the climax one man declared that I had been an aid de camp to Julius Cæsar at the big seven day's fight around Babylon!

It was but a few days until I had sixteen men on my list. Lieutenant Rumbough came to me and wanted to know why I could not go with them to Virginia. I stated to him my reasons for wanting to go to Longstreet's command. He then offered to temporarily appoint me sergeant to go with the men, rather than for them to go under a guard, also offering to recommend me to Colonel T. M. R. Talcott, asking him to approve the appointment and let me remain as a sergeant. With the persuasion of Rumbough and the men whom I had gotten, I finally consented to go, with the understanding that if Colonel Talcott did not approve my appointment I was not to be considered as belonging to the regiment, and was to have the liberty of going in any part of the service I chose. All commissioned engineer officers are examined by a board of engineers and appointed by them. All non-commissioned officers are examined by the colonel and appointed by him. They must all understand something about engineering. The commissioned officers must all be engineers practically A sergeant in the engineers is about equal in rank to a lieutenant in the infantry. They carry a sword and do the same duties as a lieutenant and receive about the same pay So the arrangement was made and we left Columbia for Richmond, Va., where Colonel Talcott's headquarter's were. When we reached Chester the train stopped for dinner, and my men asked leave to get out and walk about a little. I gave them permission to do so, but when the whistle blew and the train started one of the men named Wells was missing. He had gone on up to York, where he lived. He had, just before leaving Columbia, received a box of provisions from home, which had

not been opened. When I found out that Wells was certainly gone I was glad of it, for I had much rather have the box than to have Wells. So I opened the same and found hams, pies, pound cake, butter and all sorts of goodies. I divided it out exactly equal, giving myself a little the most, and so we fared sumptuously every day while it lasted. After traveling three days and nights, and being "scroughed" nearly out of our hides, we finally reached Richmond, to which I once thought I had bidden a final farewell. Human calculations are nothing but folly. I took my men to the Soldiers' Home, where we remained all night. Next morning (Sunday) I hunted Colonel Talcott's headquarters. He was gone to church. In the evening I took Joel Crisp of Laurens county, with me, knowing him to be a good talker, and found Colonel Talcott at his headquarters. He seemed to scrutinize me pretty closely, but I tried to look as big as Watch and as brave as Ashmore's old hare-liped Cæzar, but I did not say much for fear of saying something that would knock me into a cocked hat. But seriously I thought that the Colonel was forming a pretty good opinion of me, from the way he talked. He told me to take the men up to Camp Lee and turn them over to Lieutenant Young, until they could be regularly assigned over to the engineer regiment, but for me to go myself on Monday morning to the engineers' camp and form the acquaintance of Captain Robinson, as I would have to be recommended by him before I could be regularly appointed a sergeant, according to army regulations. I did as directed, but I felt as though I was about to be run through a flint mill. On Monday morning I put on as sanctimonious a look as possible, took Crisp with me again to help me talk, and went to Captain Robinson. As strange as it may seem, I had a chance to tell him who I was before Crisp said anything. Crisp then commenced and gave me a reputation that General Washington himself would almost envy Oh, I tell you, he read my title clear to mansions in the army I soon found that all was right with Captain Robinson, so far as I was concerned, but from his talk and looks I did not think he was glued

very fast to Crisp. He recommended me to Colonel Talcott as being worthy of the appointment.

CHAPTER III.

I was, in a day or two afterwards, regularly appointed a sergeant in Company K, First Regiment Engineer Troops, and was given a written commission, which I have yet. My pay was $45 per month. The colonel then appointed me a recruiting officer, and started me back to South Carolina, to my joy The colonel said that Rumbongh had informed him that I was a much better hand at recruiting than he was himself. I was already aware of that fact, but had not said so. Crisp had. It may be possible they thought me a better recruiting officer than I would be as an engineer officer. Be that as it may, I was now both, but I found out afterwards that the duties I had to perform always gave satisfaction. As above stated I was sent back to South Carolina, no time being mentioned when I was to return. My trip back to South Carolina and my recruiting business is of little importance to the reader of to-day I will therefore state that I went to the camp of instruction at Columbia and recruited a day or two. I got two or three recruits, with whom I left some papers authorizing them to recruit for me in my absence, and went home. While at home I took a trip to Greenville and other places, getting all the recruits I could. After remaining at home about three weeks, I again bid my wife good-bye and started for Old Virginia. When I arrived at Columbia I found I had twenty-one recruits, in all, for my regiment. I had taken sixteen men before, Wells included. I soon got transportation for us all, and rolled off for Virginia. We got to Richmond one evening, and that same night Colonel Talcott fixed up my papers and the next day started me back again for South Carolina. I had remained in Richmond only one night.

When I got to Columbia I felt like a bag of cucumbers, well shaken up. Never was I so tired riding in my life.

The cars were always crowded almost to suffocation, and a great deal of the time I was obliged to stand up. I had slept scarcely twelve hours in the entire week. When I reached Columbia I found that the regiment of grand-daddies, whom I have already mentioned, would be in Columbia that night, homeward bound, their time being out. I knew that my son Irving, if living, would be with them, and I also knew that according to the last amendment of the Conscript Act, many of them would have to go into the Confederate service again in thirty days, being allowed that length of time to remain at home. This was a good chance for me as a recruiting officer, if I could get off with the regiment in the morning. I almost ran to the camp of instruction, left some recruiting papers with some of the men there, ran back to Columbia, had my transportation papers fixed up, but not at business hours; it was done for accommodation.

I got everything in readiness to start with the antediluvian regiment next morning. I then turned out to hunt up Irving, for they had gotten in by this time. I found my old brother-in-law, J J Lewis, who told me that Irving was along, but had gone, he supposed, up town. I hunted around for some time and found everybody but Irving, but could find nothing of him. I then gave up the job. It was now after midnight. I think the boy must have been taking a census of the town, as I could hear of no place he had not just left. Next morning, however, I found him quite early, close to where we had parted some time before. And we went home together after going off together—quite a curious coincidence.

I got a good many recruits out of that regiment, and after visiting Greenville again and remaining about home for over five weeks, I again set out for Columbia. The reason I remained so long was that the men I was recruiting were allowed thirty days before they were compelled to enter the service again, and accordingly I had to wait for them. I had written to my superiors and informed them of affairs, and received instructions to wait for the men.

I expect the reader thinks I am getting rather far off

from the war. Never mind; we'll get there time enough for me. I don't know how it may be with you, but if you will follow me for awhile you will soon find stirring times. Bear in mind that I am not writing a history of the war, but merely what came under my personal observation.

I again bade my family adieu and started to Columbia. When I arrived at the camp of instruction I found I had twenty-five recruits. I immediately made necessary arrangements and again (for the last time, as it happened), set out for Virginia. On this trip an incident or two occurred which I will relate as briefly as possible.

When we reached Weldon, in North Carolina, we found everything in confusion. The enemy had made a dash up the river, and the Weldonites were panic stricken, thinking they would be attacked. They were stopping all Richmond-bound trains, and were pressing the men in to go down the river and keep the enemy back. As I have before stated, I had twenty-five men with me who would do anything I told them. Some of them seemed to look on me as the commander-in-chief of the Confederate army When I was told to take my men and go down the river there were about forty other soldiers in the coach who agreed to stand by me. It was night and I refused to go. They threatened force. I said, "Where are the arms we are to use?" "There are none here," they replied, "but perhaps some can be gotten down there." When I found they had no arms I felt better. I replied that I could find arms and equipments a d—d sight nearer than that, and if they undertook to force us that I would produce them and sixty or seventy men to use them, and they would be used for any purpose I would propose.

They retreated in good order, thinking we had a box of guns with us.

During this melee some of my men's eyes looked a good deal like dogwood blossoms, but still they would have stuck to me—especially if I had run, which I would surely have done before I would have gone down the river in the dark without arms. We remained in the coach all night, and next morning chartered an old freight car and just

about forced an engineer to take us on to Petersburg. Just before we started, a little bow-legged dude of an officer told me that he would report me to General Lee. I told him to go to—his daddies'—I would report at headquarters myself to-morrow, and so I did, but I did not report this movement.

We got to Petersburg in the evening, and had to remain until 9 o'clock in the night, waiting for a train. I had gotten my men all in one coach with a good many others. A good looking soldier came in and took a seat at a window near me. He had been there but a few moments when a negro boy come to the window and said: "Boss, I want dat quarter you owes me." The man replied, "I don't owe you anything," but the boy still contended for the quarter "dat you owes me." At length, finding that he could not collect "dat quarter," he jerked off the man's hat and ran off through the dark with it. The man struck out in the dark after him.

Being gone some time he returned with a hat. He had occupied his seat but a short time when an old negro man came to the door of the car and said, "Mister, I wants my hat." The man said that he knew nothing of his hat, and finally after a long argument, the negro said, "I'll go fotch de p'lice." When he got off the car the man said, "Boys, we are all soldiers together. What shall I do?" I will admit that, honest as I try to be, I was sorry for him. I happened to spy a torn place in the cloth lining of the coach overhead. I gave the man a wink and pointed to the rent. In an instant the hat was in it, and soon the policeman came. He was shown the man but could not find the hat. A few minutes later the train moved off for Richmond, to the great joy of the hat man. As soon as the train had fairly started he came to me and said: "What would become of me if you had not shown me that hole?" He then asked me if I ever drank anything. I answered in the affirmative. He said I should have what I wanted when we got to Richmond. He was as good as his word. He looked and talked live a gentleman, although he had not acted so.

When we reached the city I soon bid the hat man adieu and took my men to the Soldiers' Home again, and remained all night.

Next morning I reported to Colonel Talcott, and the men and myself were all assigned over to the First regiment of engineer troops, myself to Company K, commanded by Captain G. W Robinson. T. M. R. Talcott was colonel, —— Blackford, lieutenant-colonel, —— Randolph, major; or those were the field officers after we were regularly organized, but at the time I am now writing I think Talcott was only lieutenant-colonel.

I will now run over the balance of the companies in Virginia as briefly as I can. By this time our army had fallen back from Maryland and Pennsylvania with the enemy at their heels. About the operations carried on there I shall have nothing to say, as I was not with the army at the time. Vicksburg had also been taken, and everything began to look dark on our side. It did not take a Solomon to foresee how things would end. Our circulating medium, Confederate money, was worthless. We were scarce of all kinds of supplies, and more than all we were short of men, and what few we had were becoming disheartened. Therefore it was an easy thing to see how the matter would naturally go. This was the condition of things when I again took up my abode in Virginia.

By this time a law had been enacted forbidding any more recruiting, as the men coming into the service must be assigned to whatever part of the service they were most needed. Therefore I did not go recruiting again, but remained with the army until I went home to stay, of which event I will inform you in due time.

CHAPTER IV

It was now about January, 1864. Our regiment remained in camp near Richmond about three months, doing but little duty of any kind. While we were in camp Dahlgren made his famous raid into Richmond, from which

he never returned. When this attack was made the City Guards of Richmond were taken away for a few days and my regiment had to guard the prisoners on Belle Isle in their place. My company and another company of the regiment were sent one day on guard. It was uncommonly cold weather, and several men died from the effect of cold taken there. Two of the men who had gone with me there died with something like brain fever, Louis Martin, of Anderson, and —— Meadows, of Spartanburg.

One day just after this I was officer of the guard at camp. Just at night a man was brought to the guardhouse for going to Richmond and staying several days without leave of absence. I got orders to buck him all night and make him dig up a stump the next morning. After he was bucked awhile he begged me so hard to unloose him that I did so, the guard all promising not to report me for it. Next morning I put him to digging or rather scratching up a stump. It was raining heavily I went to the officer of the day and told him it was as bad on the men guarding him as on the prisoner, and that he knew no more about digging than a child. The officer told me to let him off, and I did so. He was an Italian.

Nothing of importance happened with us after this Italian affair. A pig could have rooted up the stump before he could have dug it up. I withhold his name.

In march or early in April we moved up near Orange Courthouse, where our main army was then stationed. I had been there before. We put up camp in sight of our old Camp Taylor, of which I have spoken in the Fourth regiment. At this place our regiment undertook to drill in what we call a battalion dril. The companies were not equalized and were without form, and void of military tactics or army regulations or discipline. We got dreadfully mixed up. Some of the officers would give the command: "By the left shank, file right, double creep, march!" Another would say, "Double fast, common time, stop! You don't know one thing about military ticktacks." Sometimes part of the company was going in one direction and some in another. I began to think we

were being mustered out of the service and each company had started home.

Shortly after we came here, my company, as I call it, (for I had made it up and would have been captain of it if it had been left to an election), was appointed as a pontoon company We went every day to a millpond not far off and put in a pontoon bridge and would then take it out again. In this way we soon learned to understand the busines well.

At this time we were daily expecting a big battle, and it soon came, but before it did I got a letter from Dr Todd, at home. I received it on the 1st day of May, 1864. Dr. Todd advised me to come home if possible, as my wife was very ill with pneumonia. I don't think there was a worse time during the war to ask for a furlough. But I knew that the officers of my regiment would do the best they could for me, and as we belonged to no particular brigade or division of the army, a furlough only had to be signed by my captain, my colonel and General Lee. That very day my furlough was signed by my captain, Colonel Talcott and General Lee and was given to me that evening. If I had belonged to any brigade or division I have no idea I would have gotten off on the 2d. I took the train at Orange Courthouse and started for home, sweet home. My furlough was only for fifteen days.

I found my wife much better She was getting up and about. I remained at home for a day or two and then again turned my back on all that I held dear, to return for the sixth and last time to Virginia, where scenes of carnage and slaughter were then going on at a tremendous rate. The battle of the Wilderness had been fought on May 5th, or about that time, and the fighting was still going on, almost daily, our army gradually falling back all the time.

I was delayed a great deal on the road, and when I got to Danville the people there were in a panic like those at Weldon on a former occasion. A raid had been made up the Dan river to within a few miles of Danville, and the authorities there were stopping all passing soldiers and

pressing them into service to go down the river and try to keep the enemy back. A man by the name of Lee, from Alabama, and myself went into the woods and hid for three days to keep from going down the river under we knew not whom.

We bought some corn meal and a small piece of bacon from a citizen and got the ladies to bake our bread. We finally ventured into Danville to see how the wind blew. It was not blowing at all, and the people had about quit blowing. The next morning the whistle blew and I was off for Richmond.

Just previous to this the enemy had made an attempt to approach Richmond by the James river, but General Beauregard had driven them back below Howlet's Bluff, several miles below Richmond.

I was again delayed at Richmond, the authorities there not knowing where the army was at the time. Everything and everybody was in confusion. I could ascertain nothing. I could get no papers to go forward, and as the negro said, I sat down and wrote them myself, and went without any

I took the first train going out and went to Hanover Junction, where I found out that the main army was near by, and was still coming toward the junction.

I placed myself at the roadside to wait for the army to come up to see if I could find out anythiug of my command. I had not waited long when the head of the army approached with General Lee and his staff along. It was not long before the head of my regiment made its appearance, Colonel Talcott at its front. The moment he saw me he inquired what was the news from the south side (meaning the south side of the James river). I replied, "Beauregard has given the enemy the devil over there, and driven them down below Howlet's Bluff." This news was soon in circulation all over the army, and a shout went up, "Hurrah for Beauregard!" I was five days behind my time, but the reasons were well known, and I was excused from all blame whatsoever.

Our army had been doing some very hard fighting while

I was gone, and was still fighting more or less every day It was falling back toward Richmond, with the enemy close in the rear I shall not describe the trials and sufferings of the army at this time as I was not with them at the battle of the Wilderness, nor the different battles fought afterwards in the retreat toward Richmond. I leave these awful scenes for the future historian, and return to events which came under my own observation, as was my intention at the beginning, as I have before stated.

CHAPTER V

Our engineer regiment was sent on ahead of the main army to repair bridges, work on roads and all such work as might be needed. Some of our companies were sent one way and some another on all of the roads leading in the direction of Richmond. My company, after repairing some small bridges and corduroying the road in some places, finally got to Mechanicsville, and fixed up the bridge I had stood on when we were halted the night previous to going into the seven day's fight commencing at Mechanicsville, and there we remained several days.

I must now digress a little and relate a circumstance which occurred just before we reached Mechanicsville.

A man of my regiment had been caught between our lines and the enemy's. He was taken up, tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot to death with musketry. I was detailed as officer of the guard to guard him one day He was handcuffed. While under guard he told me that if he had paper, pen and ink he could write some letters which might save his life, and as I had just been home I had a supply of these articles on hand. I suspect I was the only man in the regiment who had such things. I furnished him with as much as he needed, and he wrote several letters, one of which I know was to Jefferson Davis. I did not know who the others were for. When I went to leave him next morning he gave me "Ocean's Poems," in three volumes, remarking that that was all he had to

give me in return for my kindness to him. I at first refused to take the books, but he persisted in my taking them, saying that he would need them no more. While here at Mechanicsville the day arrived for his execution. The men were chosen for the occasion, but just before he was about to be executed a pardon was read to him. Here I lost sight of him until just before the close of the war. He made his appearance in camp one day, and I was the first man he inquired for. He told me I was the cause indirectly of his now being alive. He wanted to buy the poems back, but I had read and disposed of them.

We repaired the bridge at Mechanicsville and then bruised around until we got to Chafin's Bluff, on James river. Our army was still falling back.

After remaining there for a day or two Captain Bruce's company and my own were sent to repair the railroad between Richmond and Danville. The enemy had made a raid and torn up the track for thirty miles. We had a pretty good time while there, as the army had not been there and provisions were pretty plentiful as yet. When we finished on the railroad we returned to Chafin's Bluff. We put in a pontoon bridge of one hundred and thirty-five boats, left two of our company to guard it, and a few days afterwards the balance of us went on to Petersburg soon after the blow up there.

CHAPTER VI.

We went about two miles past Petersburg and put up camp.

About this time the armies were maneuvreing around Petersburg and Richmond almost continually, not knowing which would be attacked first. It kept both armies in motion. There was fighting going on more or less all the time at some point on the line, the engagements being called skirmishes, though they would have been considered big battles in any of our previous wars.

These were dark days for us; half fed, half clothed, some barefoot, our currency worthless. It took $50 to buy a chicken, a pound of bacon or pound of coffee. Pressed by an overwhelming army, and families at home suffering for the prime necessities of life. Our poor half-starved soldiers who had faced the cannon's mouth for nearly four years grew weary under our multiplied hardships and privations. To take all these things into consideration it did not take a prophet to see the end. We all saw it and publicly talked about it in our camps. Our condition was deplorable indeed.

At this time our army had become so reduced in number that they called for all the boys over sixteen years old (in South Carolina, at least). This took in my own son, my only child, from his mother's arms, his mother's protection, and put him into the battle field. If this was not murder it was manslaughter

Previous to this there had been a law or an order to the effect that any one getting a recruit not coming under the Conscript Act would get a thirty days' furlough (these boys were to go into the State service in South Carolina). So my son, Irving, not coming under the Conscript Act, bid his mother farewell (leaving her alone), and came to me as a recruit of mine, which entitled me to a thirty days' furlough, but I would not go off and leave him at that time. Think of these things, ye fathers and mothers. Does it seem possible that you could do so now? Or where is the boy sixteen years old who would shoulder his musket and go eight hundred miles, where nothing but starvation and death could be looked for? Washington Irving Reid did so, when, if he had remained in South Carolina he would only have been taken into the State service for six months. He was now I. F W (in for the war). So my boy was from this time on side by side with me until a time I shall mention further on. I will state, however, that my wife was much better satisfied that he should be with me than to have had him with the other boys, down on the coast. It was for the best. That dear woman put perfect confidence in me or in what I said.

The day after Irving came to me I did not have him mustered into the service, but let him go wherever he wished to go. He went to Petersburg and along the lines, and returned just at night, with some of the clay from the "blow-up," with which he made pipes, which were in great demand at that time, and especially pipes made of "blow-up" clay, as we called it. The reader will no doubt understand that it was clay from the mine General Grant blew up. Next day I had Irving regularly mustered into the Confederate service, and he became as one of us.

By this time my superiors in office (I don't know that they were superiors in all respects), had become so well acquainted with me that I was put over a great deal of the work going on at the time.

I was always allowed to pick my own men. I will give the names of some I always chose: Corporal Southern, of Greenville, S. C.; Reagan, William and Marion Fowler, Johnson, all of Spartanburg; Elijah Hatcher, Hill, Samuel Harris and Bearden, of Anderson; Joel Crisp and McDuffy Stone, of Laurens, two Griffin brothers, Donaldson, Dearson (a German), all from the lower part of South Carolina; Lewis Jones, of North Carolina and my son, with a good many others I cannot remember at this late day, but I must not forget to mention Taylor, of Spartanburg, for he was my right hand man.

At the time of Irving's arrival I was engaged in getting timber for *cheraux de freize* obstructions to put in front of our lines to prevent or delay a cavalry charge. They were also greatly in the way of an infantry charge. About this time Captain Bruce, who was countermining at Petersburg, wanted me to come and help him. Captain Robinson acted the gentleman, and gave me my choice of going or remaining with him. I remained.

I could not forsake my own captain and the boy I had brought there, and go to another company, although there was not a man in the service I thought more of than of Captain Bruce.

The boys who went with me treated me like a father, and I did all I could for them. If any of those boys read

this page, will they be glad to hear from their old sergeant?

About this time I was sent as an engineer officer to attend to the altering of our lines, at Battery Forty-Five, a little south of Petersburg, and although I did not profess to be a regular engineer, I could see that I was taken for such. The infantry officers who were along always consulted with me about the work but I managed to get their opinions before I delivered my own, and in that way got along all right. I expect to this day, if any of them are living, they think I was a regular engineer of high standing. We shortened our lines in front of Battery Forty-Five and I returned to camp.

About this time it became necessary to build a pontoon bridge above Petersburg, as the enemy were continually shelling the public bridges in Petersburg. So after cutting a new road, we (my company), put in two pontoon bridges across the Appomattox river, one of them just above Petersburg, the other about a mile above. Our army at the time was crossing and recrossing continually and a regular bombardment was going on day and night along our lines.

Just before we moved over to our bridges, a little drove of beeves passed our camp. General Hampton had gotten around to the rear of the enemy's lines and taken them from Abraham's bosom. There were twenty-five hundred of them, all fine steers. Irving looked at them until his eyes watered, and his mouth too, I reckon. I know mine did.

The first night after we got to our new camp on the north side of the Appomattox river it rained in torrents all night. I sent Irving to a house near by and told him to remain there all night. I then stretched up my oil cloth, as I had often done before, and lay down under it as best I could. I had been there but a few minutes when he returned saying that he could not get room in the house. I got up and forced him to take my place under the oil cloth, and I, with many others, remained up all night in the rain. We tried to keep a fire, but it rained so hard

we could not make the wood burn. This was in October.

Remember these things, ye that are dressed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day The writer of these things, old and decrepid, has no place he can call his home.

Oh that I had a bosom friend
To tell my sorrows to,
In whose advice I might depend
In everything I do.

How do I wonder up and down,
And no one pities me;
I seem a stranger, quite unknown,
A child of misery.

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CHAPTER VII.

I went immediately to work digging a out a place on a steep bank ten feet square, and put the plates of my cabin on top of the ground. I managed to get boards to cover it, and then Irving and I had a good warm place to stay. Just before this one of my company had died and left me a bedtick. We filled it with dry grass, and then we had a house and a bed to sleep upon, but no glass windows or curtains. We now thought ourselves in St. John's third story, when in fact we were only in the cellar, where I fear a great many others are who think they are in the garret.

From this time on my comyany kept up and guarded both the pontoon bridges across the Appomattox river. When on guard I was always officer of the guard. I took it by turns first at the upper bridge and then at the lower one. It was the rule that when a sentinel wanted instructions of any kind they would call out, "Officer of the guard," etc. We kept a sentinel at each end of the bridge. It was a little amusing to us all to hear Irving call out, "Papa, come here," but nevertheless it was quite natural. He was the youngest in the regiment, and was allowed to

do pretty much as he pleased, which he is doing yet. After he came to Virginia I fared a little better for provisions than I had been doing, as he was always on the run when not on guard, trading about and getting something to eat, when I could not have gotten it if I had tried. His being so young, the ladies about Etrix and Petersburg would divide any provisions they had with him. Etrix is a factory town just above Petersburg and in sight of our camp.

I gave him $50 one day, with which he bought a bushel of sweet potatoes, which he sold at $1 each. They were small potatoes at that, being about the size of snake roots. He borrowed a double-barreled shotgun from a citizen, with which he killed a great many robbins, which he sold at $1 each.

One day, on Sunday, he was on guard at the upper bridge without me. Lee's army got after a wild turkey It flew over into an island a short distance above the bridge, and so Lee's army was outflanked and retreated in good order. After they had gone Irving took an extra pontoon boat we always kept on hand, went up and killed it. He shot it with his musket standing in the boat, amid tremendous applause. As he brought it down to me to camp he was offered $75 for it. I let Captain Robinson have part of it for some flour, and at dinner I had turkey and dumplings, a thing I knew Irving was very found of. When he came to dinner he ate with a tremendous relish, and so did I. We also caught a good many fish.

One night, and as cold a night, by the way, as I ever saw, just before morning, Donaldson, who was on guard at the end of the bridge next to where I was, fell into the river, breaking the ice as he went plunging into the water. I went and helped him out. Reader, did you ever see a drowned rat? If you have you would know how he looked. He swore that he had not been asleep, but I think he had. I offered to put a man in his place until he had time to change his clothes, but he refused. I am of the opinion he could not change them for the fact that he had none to change.

Heavy firing all along the lines now. The armies still moving back and forth. This crossing and recrossing of our bridges has enabled me to become more or less acquainted with all our generals, from General Lee down, Lee himself having his headquarters near our upper bridge. On one occasion I was on duty at the upper bridge, and in the evening I received an order directly from General Lee to double my guard that night, and to send word for them to do the same at the other bridge, and for me to put a man on post at the Petersburg side of the bridge whom I could depend upon, and to give him the following instrcutions: That if a crowd of men came to cross the bridge without proper papers from him to fire off his gun and get out of the way, at which signal I was to form my men in front of the bridge on the opposite side of the river and commence firing. A brigade of our men, it was reported to General Lee, had threatened to take possession of our commissary department, which was on this side of the river. The officer who brought me this order took my name and rank, so that if I did not do my duty it would be known who to blame.

I sent a note to my superiors at camp and informed them of the order, and the other men I needed were sent me just at night. The same thing was done at the lower bridge. What I disliked most was that it was my own men I had to fight, if I had to fight at all. It seemed to me that if they had been the enemy I would not have minded it half so much.

Irving was with us at the time. I omitted to say that we were not to sleep and were to keep our arms in order, and to remain with them in our hands.

About 9 o'clock (Taylor, of Spartanburg, being on post) we heard a big crowd coming over the bridge. Had Taylor fired? My men were all excitement, but formed in front of the bridge as directed, and wanted to fire. I cried out at the top of my voice, "Withhold your fire!" I also cried out to the approaching crowd, "Halt!" They did so. I ran and met them on the bridge. They had the right kind of papers and were going to guard the commis-

sary department. If Taylor had been a fool, or if I had acted unwisely, what trouble we would have had, but Taylor had done his duty, and I had tried to do mine. Nothing happened through the night. Next morning at daybreak the crowd went back and reported to General Lee how it had been the night before. That morning, before my time was out on guard, General Lee sent an order, or rather, a request to me, asking me to remain as officer of the guard another day and night, stating that I had acted praiseworthily the night before, and if I remained another term I then might rest several days. I was to double my guard again at night. My men were relieved that morning at 8 o'clock, but I remained another term. I doubled my guard again that night but nothing occurred to disturb us.

After we put in those two pontoon bridges my company did little else but guard and attend them. Two of our companies were at Chafin's Bluff, attending the pontoon bridge across the James river at that place. The balance of our regiment was employed first at one thing and then at another, scarcely ever all being at the same place. Colonel Talcott's headquarters, however, were with us, where some of the other companies generally camped. None of them ever had anything to do with the bridges but the company to which I belonged. We had some dreadful times when the river would be up, getting in the water very often to work on the abutments of the bridge.

General Lee and Colonel Talcott seemed to be on very intimate terms, as they were often seen together, riding around and viewing the situation.

As I was not engaged in any of the almost daily fighting now going on, I shall not attempt a description of them. Any old soldier who took part in them can tell you more about them than I shall undertake to do, as my duties at this time did not call me to the front. I will only say that an almost continual firing was going on. The artillery duels that were frequently fought were truly terrific. Hundreds of cannon, loading and firing as fast as it was possible to be done. Nothing in comparison to it

was ever known in America or perhaps elsewhere, and I do sincerely hope that the like may never be heard again. It continued until the end.

I shall now only give the reader a few facts that came under my own observation and end my narrative, leaving it for more able pens than my own to portray the bloody reign of terror around Petersburg, Virginia, in 1864 and 1865.

I will now go back to my pontoon bridges and see what is going on there, which I will tell you of in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

In January 1865, as some of my readers will recollect, there came a powerful freshet in the Appomattox river. When the river was at its height eleven of my men, all recruits of mine, took a boat over to an island for firewood. While there a dam, which had been built for military purposes on a small stream emptying just above the island, containing a large quantity of water, gave way, and the river being already very high, it became alarming for the men on the island. They became panic-stricken and attempted to come back to land. The boat was capsized and three of them were drowned, Hill, of Anderson county, William Fowler, of Spartanburg, and Dierson, a German, from near Charleston. A few days after, when the river had fallen and everything frozen, I was going to my breakfast down the river, when I came across Irving dragging the body of Hill across a little frozen pond on the ice. He had been found clinched to a bush. His countenance had a terrorized expression, as though he had been crying. I sent help and had him taken to camp. On the same day Sergeant Graham and Irving found Fowler also. I had decent coffins made and attended to their burial. Dierson was never found.

CHAPTER IX.

Dear reader, I am now approaching the time

> "When wild war's deadly blast was blown,
> And gentle peace returning,
> And eyes again wiah pleasure beamed
> That had been bleared with mourning."

I will now mention how I got off from Virginia and the closing of the war, and I will then be done with my narative of the war, and all I intend writing.

As before stated, I was entitled to a thirty day's furlough for getting Irving as a recruit in the Confederate service.

About the last of January, 1865, I called for my furlough. It was duly written out and signed by Captain Robinson and Colonel Talcott and sent up to General Lee, who sent it back not approved, with a few lines to me which read about as follows:

Sergeant Reid, Co. K, First Regiment Engineer Troops: Did you or your officers know that the order for granting furloughs for recruits had been rescinded, or did you get the recruit in good faith, expecting a furlough?

(Signed) R. E. Lee, General.

My officers and myself replied to General Lee's note that none of us were aware that the order was delayed, much less rescinded, and that the recruit was gotten last fall, in good faith expecting a furlough. General Lee then sent it back approved, with another note which read about as lows:

Sergeant Reid, Co. K, First Regiment Engineer Troops: If you or your officers know of any others of your regiment who got recruits in good faith expecting a furlough, let them send them to headquarters and I will sign them.

(Signed) R. E. Lee, General.

The original order for granting furloughs for recruits also allowed transportation. When I went to the transportation office they refused me transportation, because, they said, the order had been rescinded granting such

furloughs, and all the arguments I could use did no good. I took my furlough and went up to General Lee's headquarters. He sent an order to the office authorizing them to give me transportation. General Lee asked me if I had shown the men at the transportation office the note he sent me in regard to other soldiers getting furloughs in the same way I had done. I told him I had. He remarked, "They ought to have given you transportation without putting you to this trouble." This was the last time I ever saw General Lee.

I got my transportation and returned to camp after night. I was officer of the guard that night, so as to enable me to remain at home a day longer.

I cannot express my feelings as I left my boy at camp that night. I went around and bid Captain Robinson and all the boys, as it turned out to be, a last farewell. Next morning at 6 o'clock I put Corporal Hays in my place, boarded the train and bid an everlasting farewell to Old Virginia and to the remains of the glorious old Army of Northern Virginia and to all my army associations, and started homeward once more.

CHAPTER X.

No more shall the sound of the war whoop be heard,
The anguish and slaughter no longer be feared;
The tomahawk buried shall rest in the ground,
And peace and good will to our nation abound.

As I have before stated, I did not attempt to write a history of the war, but only of the regiment to which I belonged. Nevertheless, I have written facts which cannot be successfully contradicted. I may have made a few mistakes in my description of some of our movements, but if so they are few and far between. I do not doubt but that I have given as true a statement of things which came under my observation as will be given by any one, and especially by one who was in no higher position than

I was, and the future historian can depend upon most of my statements. I at all times gave facts as correctly as my limited chances would permit. In giving my statement of the first fight at Manassas on July 21, 1861, I know that I am correct in the number of troops present when the attack was made, namely, the Fourth South Carolina regiment and Wheat's Battalion of Louisianians. In fact, in describing all the battles in which I participated I did all in my power to state nothing but facts, and I did the same in my description of our travels, privations and hardships. In some of my anecdotes I may have put on some paint, but not so in our travels, battles, etc.

When I left camp I left with a heavy heart, for I did not believe I would ever get back to Virginia. I knew that the end had about come.

I got home all right, but Sherman's army, getting between me and Virginia, I did not go back.

My readers are all familiar with the surrender of Lee. I will therefore say nothing about it here. My son was at the surrender, and that very day he took the measles and was carried back by the enemy from Appomattox to Petersburg. After remaining there a few days he was removed ty Farmville, where he remained until until he was sent home, where he arrived on the 20th day of May, 1865. We had mourned him as dead, as we could not hear what had become of him after the surrender.

I am now through with my war record. I could have given an account of a great many incidents which occurred during the war, but I think what I have written is sufficient.

The brave, poor soldier ne'er despise,
Or count him as a stranger;
Remember, he's his country's stay
In the day and hour of danger.

THE END.

Sketch of the Life of the Author.

CHAPTER I.

On the 5th day of February, 1824, I was born in what was then Pendleton District, South Carolina, in the portion now known as Oconee county My father, Reuben Reid, was a school teacher and surveyor by profession. He was born August 22, 1785, which was but a few years after his father, Joseph Reid, had moved from Virginia, where he was raised.

He was, I think, of Scottish descent. My father's mother was also raised in Virginia, and was a cousin to Andrew Jackson, who was twice president of the United States. I remember hearing my father speak of four brothers of his —George, Joseph, Jesse and Blincoe. I never knew any of them except George, the eldest brother. He and his children are all dead. My father also had three sisters, but I have never seen them. One of them married a man named Beard.

My father in his young days traveled about a great deal, teaching school and surveying land. He taught school not only in South Carolina, but in North Carolina and Tennessee.

During the war of 1812 he enlisted (I think at Greenville Courthouse), and went into the service of the United States army When he had served out his term of eighteen months he received an honorable discharge from the army and started home, somewhere about the mountains, but when he got within fifteen miles of home he heard of the death of his father, and he turned back with the intention of going to Charleston, but on the way he stopped one night in Newberry District with a man named Boyd, who persuaded my father to put up a school in his neighborhood, which he consented to do. A very large school was soon made up for him and he went to teaching. While teaching in this neigborhood he first saw my mother. My

mother's grand parent had come from Germany when her father and mother were children, and settled in what was known as Dutch Fork, between Saluda and Broad rivers, on Cannon's creek. A good many other German families also settled in the same neighborhood, among whom were the Cramers, the Wickers, the Subers, the Kinards, the Kestlers, the Eichelbergers and many others.

My mother was a Dickert. Her father had died when she was small, leaving her and three brothers, Michael, Adam and Henry. All of them have long since died. My grandmother afterwards married Simon Wicker, a widower with five or six children.

As I have said, my father, while in the Boyd settlement, first saw my mother. She was then staying with an uncle of hers named George Stackman, a preacher, who lived in the Boyd Settlement, as it was called. I omitted to state that my mother was born in the year 1800.

Somewhere in this neighborhood my father and mother were married at a camp meeting on August 16, 1816.

My father had wandered about a great deal in his young days, and it seemed to be natural with him to continue this practice as long as he lived. I do not know where he was living when my eldest sister, Lucinda, was born, but that momentous event occurred in 1819, and in 1821 my next oldest sister, Matilda, was born, and by the time I was born we had gotten around to Pendleton District, as above stated. We were still in Pendleton, though not at the same place when my sister Zillah Elizabeth was born, July 25th, 1826, near what was called Rock Spring church, on Coneross creek.

My very farthest recollection commences about this time. I cannot remember when I first began to go to school, as my father often carried me to school in his arms before my recollection. As I was his only son he took great pains to train me.

I can say what I presume few others can say, that is, that I have no recollection whatever of when I learned to to read and write. My first recollection of my schooling is when I began to cypher in arithmetic, and I was then

quite young. I can well remember when my father used to go to Old Pendleton for examination as a teacher and to get his public money He did his trading with a Mr. Cherry He also went to Columbia once in every four years to have his license renewed as a surveyor

When I was about six years old we moved to Newberry again and my father taught school for awhile a short distance below Stony Batter in the neighborhood of the Lindsays, the Waits', the Wise's and Harmon's. After remaining there a few years he moved a few miles to a ferry on Saluda river, known as Lee's ferry Here we remained for about two years, my father attending to the ferry and keeping a public house for traveling men and drovers. It was while here that my youngest sister, Zillah, and myself commenced rabbit hunting, fishing and climbing for muscadines, which we kept up for some time afterwards. She was just the same as a brother to me. We would ride canes and call them horses, ride up and hitch our steeds to the fence, and feel a good deal larger than we have ever felt since. We used to go into the piney wood and whip pine trees for negroes, the accusation against one and all being that we caught them stealing 10,000 barrels of flour—a pretty good load.

While living at this place a man called to stay all night. My father let him stay, but was not acquainted with him. He had come on foot. He was up early the next morning and walked down to the flatboat landing. Just afterward my father started down toward the landing and saw the man go out to the hind end of the flat. When my father reached the landing he could see nothing of the man. His hat was lying in the boat.

My father sent me around to inform the neighbors on the Edgefield side of the river and he went on the Newberry side to inform the neighbors. The hat was left where it was in the boat. A large crowd soon gathered and about 1 o'clock he was gotten out. It was found that he had filled his bosom and pockets with rocks weighing twenty-eight pounds. There were several men present who knew the man. His name was W H. Tyler, of New-

berry Courthouse. The cause of the suicide was not known.

These were the days of nullification. And the great meteoric shower called the falling of the stars occurring, caused great revivals in the churches for a short time.

After remaining at Lee's ferry for two years we moved up to within five miles of Newberry Courthouse, and my father put up a school in the settlement of the Chapmans, the Shepherds, Boozers and others. While here I went with my father to Newberry A negro had been hung there for beating a man named Igenor, and the doctors had his body dissecting it. But of this I was in blissful ignorance. My father had some business with one of the doctors, and called at the office to see him, and I at his heels, as usual. When the door was opened and I got a glimpse of that negro! I left father's heels and my own carried me away at the rate of ten knots an hour. No chuckle-headed youngster was ever worse scared.

CHAPTER II.

From this place we moved down on Cannon's creek, in the Dutch fork, not far from my grandmother's. At this time nullification was at its height. I remember going with my father to a barbecue at a place called Rumley Hill. A great many speeches were made, all in favor of nullification. A cavalry company mustered there that day, commanded by Captain H. H. Kinard, afterwards General Kinard.

From Dutch fork we moved up into Abbeville county, near Double Bridges, on Rocky river, and there my father taught another school on the Harleston place, and here we were at the time of the noted cold Saturday in 1835. We remained here some time and then moved up into the edge of Anderson county, on Hen Coop creek, remained a short time and moved to old Laurens factory, on Big Rabun creek, in Laurens county We children went into the cotton factory to work and my father went in the grist mill. When we had worked about three months the factory burned down.

My father then put up a school near the burnt factory, and I worked with the Messrs. Whites at building a new factory, which was finished, but they never got machinery in it, and the Whites moved away, Robert White to Georgia and William to Mississippi.

While living at Burnt Factory my mother gave birth to another son on the 7th of April, 1837 On the night of the 24th of December in the same year, my father died from an attack of choking quinsy, after an illness of two days.

At my father's death we were left in rather a bad condition—the family all girls except the baby and myself, and I was too young to attend to business.

Before proceeding any further I will state that I never went to school after my father's death, but went regularly to work from that time on.

After father s death my mother consulted with the neighbors as to what would be the best thing for her to do under the circumstances in which she was left.

She was advised to go, if she could do so, to a cotton factory Accordingly, my oldest sister and myself went to the Reedy river factory in Greenville, owned by Vardry McBee, and very readily made arrangements with Colonel Leonard Allen, superintendent of the factory, to move there immediately

Accordingly we moved in March, 1838.

CHAPTER III.

When I first moved to Reedy River factory and for some time afterwards, the factory ran day and night, having two sets of hands, who relieved each other at mid-day and mid-night. My sister and I were what were called morning hands. We went to work at midnight and worked until mid-day. I have often gone to sleep standing upon my feet.

This same spring my mother was taken sick with fever, and my little brother, Reuben C. Reid, then a little over a

year old, had to be weaned. With the fever my mother took an internal disease with which she died fourteen years afterwards. I have known my mother's condition to be such that for a year at a time she was unable to leave the house. There is no telling what that good woman suffered for fourteen years.

In 1839 my oldest sister, Lucinda, married Edward McCarthy, and moved to Greenville Courthouse, while we moved to a small factory on South Tyger river called Hutchins' Factory, owned in part by Rev Thomas Hutchins, an Englishman by birth and the most talented preacher (of the Methodist denomination), I ever knew In about eight months after moving there the owners of the factory disagreed and the factory shut down and was afterwards sold. When this occurred we moved back to Greenville, to a paper mill owned by Andrew Patterson.

The paper mill was only one mile above the Reedy River factory

In the year 1840 my sister and her husband separated and she came home to us again, and in the summer of 1840 her daughter was born, who is now living at Piedmont factory, the wife of George Brownan and the mother of eleven children, of which nine are living, three being married.

While living at the paper mill I first became acquainted with John A. Cargill, a son of Clement Cargill. The man was never born of woman whom I would rather be with than J. A. Cargill.

After remaining at the paper mill about two years the owner, Mr. Patterson, failed, and the mill had to be sold. Patterson moved to Missouri. Bennijah Dunham bought the mill.

About that time we moved back to the McBee factory, otherwise called the Reedy River factory I had reached the age of seventeen years, and Leonard Allen, the superintendent, took a great interest in me. He learned me all he could about machinery, and treated me precisely as he did his own son, John, who was one year younger than I. Unfortunately for me, after a year or two Mr Allen died. He was next thing to a father to me.

For a while they got first one and then another incapable man to run the factory. I ran the factory and they got the pay. I finally grew tired of this and went to the Pendleton factory in December, 1843.

CHAPTER IV

As I have stated, I moved to Pendleton with my mother and family in December, 1843. To attempt to tell one-tenth of my ups and downs would be more than I care about undertaking.

A young man was working in the factory whom I had worked with at the paper mill and known in Laurens when a child, named Henry Adkins, and another one on the place named Thomas Massey, whom I had also known in Laurens and Greenville, together with myself, cut a tremendous swell around about the old Pendleton factory for about two years. Massey in 1845 married Susan Dickinson, whom I had worked with several years. She is now a widow living at Piedmont with her son, Benjamin Massey, a good stone mason. I do not know what eventually became of Adkins. I left him at the Pendleton factory in December, 1845.

In 1845 I became of age, but still remained with my mother. The summer of that year was known as the dry summer. The factory lost a great deal of time for want of water.

I took several trips that summer up on Chauga creek, where I had lived when a little boy. I had a good time with the boys up there that summer, but a good deal better time with the girls. Some of them came to Sandy Springs campmeetings that fall, and there I had a still better time. Sandy Springs is near the factory.

I moved back to McBee factory in December, 1845, being gone just two years. I went to work in the factory again and also to looking around among the girls. I tell you I was beginning to be pretty bad among the girls at that time, but I could not help it.

I had not been in Greenville long when I found the only girl I ever dearly loved. Her father, John Tripp, had moved to the Dunham paper mill while I was at the Pendleton factory

As soon as I became acquainted with Mary Tripp (always called Polly), I dropped all others, as I soon found that my future destiny was in her hands. I became a regular visitor at her father's house, and it was not long until I perceived that my dear little Polly was thinking well of me. At the same time, my friend John A. Cargill was courting Polly's sister, Matilda.

I shall not allude to the pleasure we four young people have had together. What one knew all knew, and it was not long before other people knew something about it too, for on the 22d of October, 1846, I was married to my darling Polly by Squire Cox, and just five weeks afterward friend Cargill was married to Matilda by the same man.

A little house was built for me at the factory and I moved into it with my wife. If ever a man was happy on this earth I was that man, in that little house and with that little woman.

On the 26th day of October, 1847, our son and only-child, Washington Irving Reid, was born. After remaining in the factory another year I left it and went to work at doing stonework with J. J Lewis, who had recently married my sister Matilda.

About this time, McCarthy being dead, my sister Lucinda married William Smith.

Mr. Lewis and I moved down on Grove creek, in the Charles settlement. We worked about all over the country, and in Laurens, Newberry and almost everywhere, blasting rock principally

In 1849 we got a large job of work to do in Edgefield from Adam Eichelberger. I took my wife with me there and kept her with me for several months. When we had finished there we went dack into Greenville, where we had left our things with mother and Sister Zillah, who was yet unmarried.

After coming back to Greenville I left Lewis and went on my own hook through Greenville, Anderson, Pickens, Abbeville, Laurens and Newberry, working at my trade.

CHAPTER V

In January, 1851, having so much work to do in Newberry, I took my wife and child with me down on Broad river, ten miles above Alston, which was then being built, and within two miles of where my mother was born and raised. I remained in Newberry for two years. The largest job of work I ever did for one man was for David Halfacre, in 1852, six miles below Newberry Courthouse on the Columbia road. This was the year of the great August freshet. I, with my little family, sat on a hill and watched the surging waters rush by all day when the river was at its height. It was on Sunday

In the latter part of December, 1852, I moved back to Greenville, in sight of where Pelzer factory now stands.

Sister Zillah had that year married Stephen Hicks.

I remained at this place one year, working around as usual, doing a great deal of work at Williamston, in Anderson county, just about that time being built up. At that time the Greenville and Columbia railroad was being built.

I remained here one year and moved up to within five miles of Greenville and one mile from the old paper mill where my wife's father still lived, as was also my friend Cargill, bossing the paper factory During my stay of four years at this place my wife's father, John Tripp, died.

I still followed my trade, which kept me the greater part of my time away from home. I worked a great deal about Greenville Courthouse, for Joab Mauldin, James Benson, Dr. Jones, Thadeus Bowling, Colonel T. E. Ware and many others. I also blasted out the well at the Greenville poorhouse, at the foot of Paris mountain. John Black was steward at the time. I also did a good deal of work around old Pickensville, Pendleton, Cæsar's Head and else-

where.

After living at the paper mill for four years, as I have said, I returned to within sight of Wilson's bridge, where Pelzer now is, and worked about as usual.

At one time I was at work twelve miles below Anderson Courthouse, near Holland's store, at a church called Shiloh. While there some neighbors, who wanted some work done, Colonel Thomas Parks, Alexander McClinton, E. J. Earle and others, persuaded me to move over into the neighborhood. Colonel Parks offered to move me and furnish me a house. I moved over in January, 1861, and worked about in the neighborhood until April, at which time I went to Virginia with the Fourth Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. Of our travels and hardships there I have already informed you as best I could.

CHAPTER VI.

This day be peace and bread my lot,
All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest whether best bestowed on not,
And let Thy will be done.

How often have I said during the war that I would thank my God if I could once more be at home with my little family and a piece of bread. If I had anything more I would highly appreciate it, but if not I could be happy

I returned home to my family I had the bread; I also had plenty of other things, or at least as much as nature called for. I was once more a free and happy man.

I went to work at my trade again, doing a good deal of work in Hart and Franklin county, Ga., and in Greenville, S. C. After two or three years I got to doing a great deal of work in Elbert county, Ga., below Elberton. I worked for Robert Hall, William Jones, Jr., the Heards, the Herndons, Judge Thomas, William Tate, and a great many others. I worked more or less in Elbert county for many years.

Two or three years after the war my wife was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism, which she never recovered from. Her illness kept me a great deal at home. I would only take such occasional trips as necessity compelled. About this time my son was married to Miss Cora McCoy, which made it necessary for me to be at home more than ever. In a year or two, however, she got a good deal better, and I was enabled to do a considerable amount of work. A time or two I attempted to make a little crop at home in the season, and work at my trade in the fall and winter and at odd times. I found to my sorrow that I I could not do two things at one time. I made but little at home and less elsewhere, but I got along as best I could until April, 1889, at which time my wife again became ill and I remained with her until the end.

Those were dark and sorrowful days. She lingered until the 4th day of November, 1889, when she died, perfectly in her right mind and praising God. She requested her son and husband to meet her in Heaven. Thus died as good a mother, as true a wife and Christian and as kind a neighbor as has ever cheered the course of a husband's life.

My dear companion snatched away,
And I am left alone,
In grief and sorrow here I stray,
And like a dove I mourn.

I wander here like Noah's dove
That from the Ark was sent,
And when the evening shades appear
My heart is almost spent.

And when I lay my body down
Upon my bed to sleep,
My dear companion's room I find,
Which causes me to weep.

My son got a fine metallic coffin and she was laid to rest at Rahamah church near Brown's Ferry, on the Savannah river, to which church she belogned.

And I am happy to state that my membership is also there. I had attached myself to the church before my wife's illness, to her inexpressible joy

And let me say to the world that right there by the side of my darling, is where I want to be put when I cease wanderiug about seeking for the rest I cannot find.

I will now give a short account of my travels since the death of my wife, and then you will, in all probability, not hear from me again.

CHAPTER VII.

After the death of my wife I was entirely alone. I remained in the settlement, staying at night first with one neighbor and then with another, until just before Christmas, when I had my effects taken to Hartwell, Ga., to my son's. I remained about Hartwell until the middle of the winter and then moved down to L. H. O. Martin's, three miles below Elberton, in Elbert county, Ga. Martin had been wanting me to live with him for several years. He now wanted me to live with him as one of the family, as he said, and so I did, with the exception that I had a great deal to do, more, in fact, than I cared or was able to do without better pay. I was well treated, however, by the entire family

In March I left Martin's and went to Piedmont factory, in Greenville county, S. C., where I remained until June, blasting in a well. I then returned to my son's, in Hartwell, and had my things brought back from Martin. I remained there until the 11th of September, and again went back to Piedmont, being promised a room and $1.50 a day. I had my things brought over, but could get no room of my own to put them in. I had to put some at one place and some at another as best I could, and pay board out of my pittance. They gave me the wages, however, they had promised me, until about Christmas, when the superintendent told me I would have to work for $1 a

day or nothing. I quit, and had my things moved up to my sister's, near Woodville, where I have been writing these pages.

Since my wife's death I cannot content myself long at any one place.

I am now with my only living sister, my other sisters having died several years ago. My brother Reuben also died several years ago at Westminster, where his widow still lives. Sister Zillah and myself are all that are left of my father's family

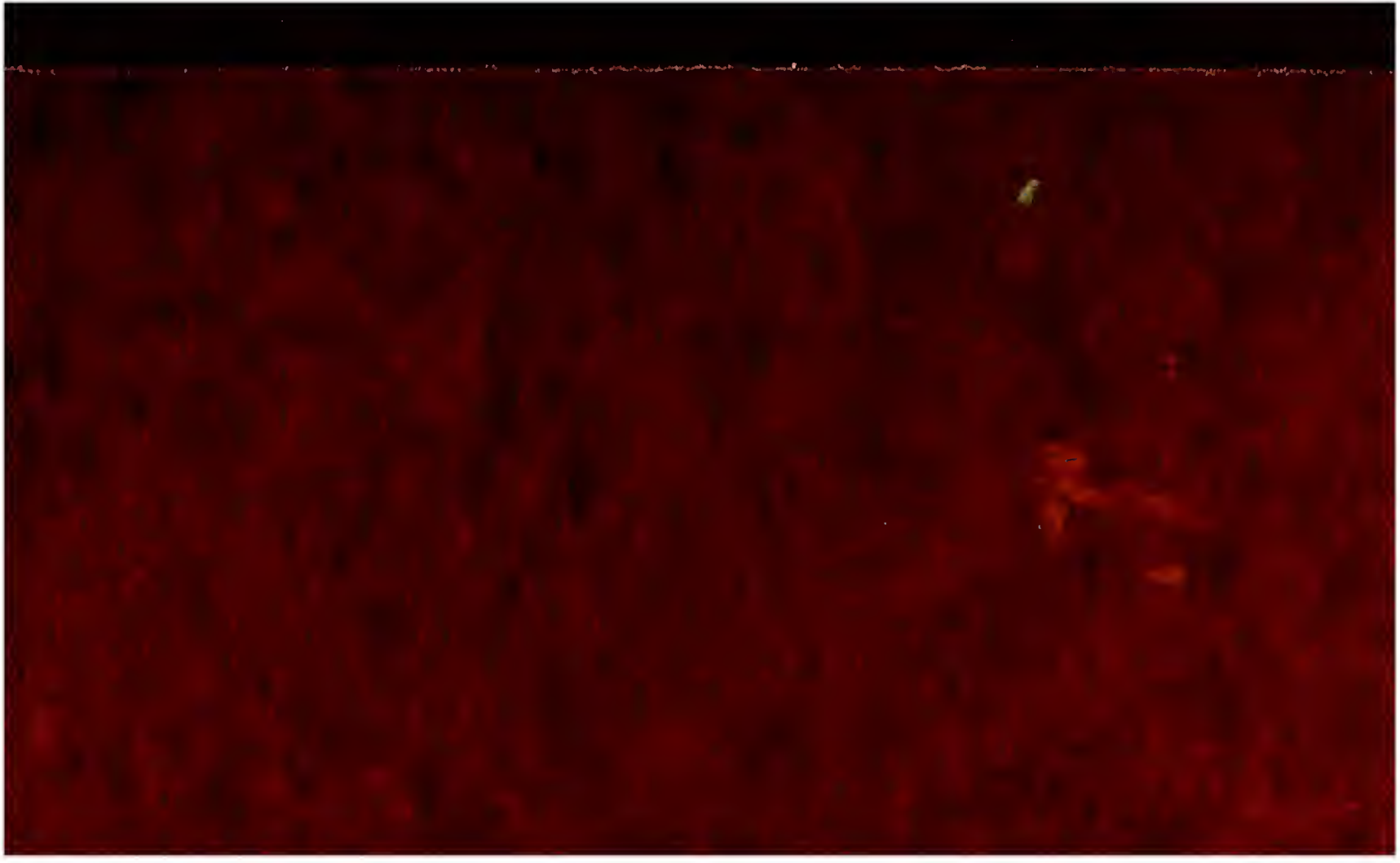
My sister, too, has seen her share of sorrow Her husband was killed in the war, in 1864. Just after the war one of her children died, and a few years subseqnently her eldest child, a daughter, who was married and had one child, was drowned, together with her child, in Grove creek.

My sister now has one unmarried son living with her, named Reuben.

As I have said, my things, such as I have, are with her, and here they will remain, unless I find a place I can call home, and some one to take care of them.

I am now done my writing and will be on the wing again. I have no idea where I may go. My son has such a large family it doesn't suit me to live with him.

I have a hope that this little book and a patent I own for blasting rock without danger from the explosion will enable me yet to have a home of my own to go to. Let me go where I will, my central office will be Woodville, Greenville county, S. C. In case any one would wish to correspond with me, that will be my post office.

Hoping that these writings may interest my readers in some degree, I remain yours truly, J. W Reid.

Woodville, S. C., Jan 20, 1891.